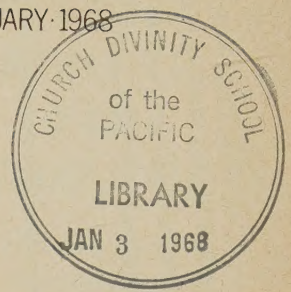


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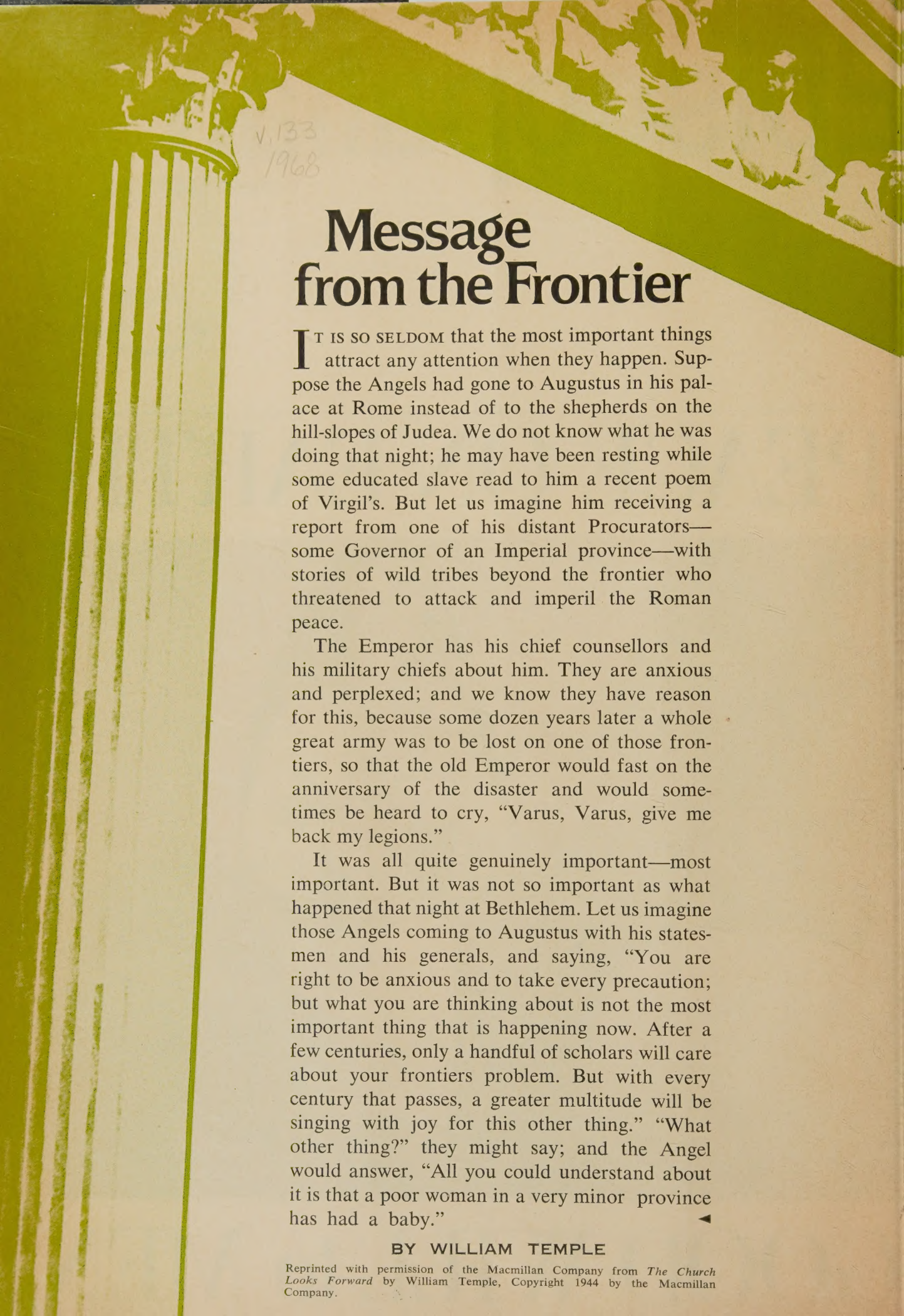
JANUARY 1968



PEACE ON EARTH



GOOD WILL to MEN



V. 133
1968

Message from the Frontier

IT IS SO SELDOM that the most important things attract any attention when they happen. Suppose the Angels had gone to Augustus in his palace at Rome instead of to the shepherds on the hill-slopes of Judea. We do not know what he was doing that night; he may have been resting while some educated slave read to him a recent poem of Virgil's. But let us imagine him receiving a report from one of his distant Procurators—some Governor of an Imperial province—with stories of wild tribes beyond the frontier who threatened to attack and imperil the Roman peace.

The Emperor has his chief counsellors and his military chiefs about him. They are anxious and perplexed; and we know they have reason for this, because some dozen years later a whole great army was to be lost on one of those frontiers, so that the old Emperor would fast on the anniversary of the disaster and would sometimes be heard to cry, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions."

It was all quite genuinely important—most important. But it was not so important as what happened that night at Bethlehem. Let us imagine those Angels coming to Augustus with his statesmen and his generals, and saying, "You are right to be anxious and to take every precaution; but what you are thinking about is not the most important thing that is happening now. After a few centuries, only a handful of scholars will care about your frontiers problem. But with every century that passes, a greater multitude will be singing with joy for this other thing." "What other thing?" they might say; and the Angel would answer, "All you could understand about it is that a poor woman in a very minor province has had a baby." ◀

BY WILLIAM TEMPLE

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LETTERS

COMMON COMPLAINT

the . . . December issue of THE DISCIPALIAN, I found the article by R. Ray . . . "Who Put the Earring in the Offering Plate?" especially interesting.

My son-in-law . . . is the financial secretary of a . . . Presbyterian church. . . My brother-in-law . . . holds a similar position in a . . . Congregational church. . . I have heard both of these . . . complaining about the very same problems that Mr. Ray has found troublesome. . .

HERBERT H. PALMER
Bozman, Md.

Editors' note: for parish treasurers, regardless of denomination, we recommend the Diocese of Los Angeles' annual for Parish Treasurers by George Gibbs, C.P.A., Ph.D. Dr. Gibbs is treasurer of the Diocese and Professor of Accounting and Economics at Claremont Men's College, Claremont, Cal. The second edition of the practical loose-leaf volume costs \$7.50, prepaid, and may be ordered from the Treasurer's Office, 1220 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, 90054.

POWER: FLOWER AND OTHERWISE

. . . was prompted by John Boswell's article and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Presiding Bishop Hines, etc., reports in your magazine. It is all rather striking compared to what is going on in the religious world opening up to us through many of the best rock groups and song writers. . . It almost seems as if our beloved Church will be one of the last to become aware of the general resurrection happening in our midst. At least your magazine seems strangely silent on the fantastic religious significance of the Hippie-Psychedelic-Love revolution thrusting itself into our history. . .

. . . Today the Church has the golden opportunity of inaugurating a Second Pentecost; instead it plods on with "eyenote" sermons, conventions, and beautiful "calls" and "appeals to the nation-wide community of faith". . . Christ is openly among us and He is ignored. To me this is reflected in your magazine. . . This letter is a spontaneous impulse of impatience with fellow Christians. I know Christ

The Cover: A Test Case

Egypt—France—Peru? Old or new? Can you guess the national origin and approximate date of "The Flight into Egypt," reproduced on our cover? You'll have one correct answer if you say this painting captures the universal, ageless message of Christmas. For specific information, see page 33.

reveals himself in His own time. But my soul cries out for NOW: the Cross has had its day. Now is the time for the Easter lily! Give more space to the flower children.

ARTHUR CLOKEY
Philadelphia, Pa.

COMFORT THE ENEMY?

. . . Have the people who advocate our getting out of the war in Vietnam . . . thought through the probable result? Is our nation sufficiently Christian to be willing to give up all liberty for an indefinite period while trying to win the world by Christian love? I doubt if the Chinese Communist rulers would become beguiled by love signs and the gift of a daisy. . . Communists have often said and written that they make promises only when it would serve their purposes, and feel no obligation to keep them. Having been a missionary teacher in China in the '20's, I have been following such matters with great interest, and see much wishful thinking here on the part of those who fail to think matters through. . . the really Christian way will probably have to be resorted to finally; but Heaven help us to endure . . . and work for it. . .

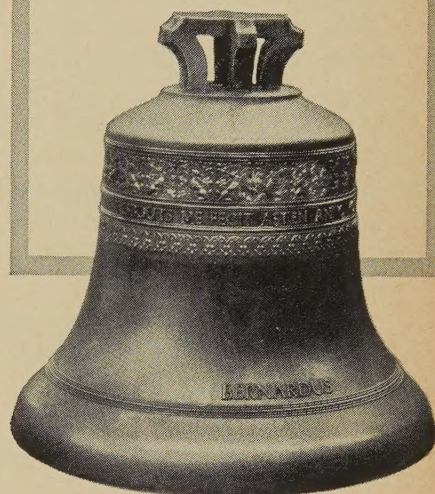
MISS ESTHER L. HOUGHTON
Daytona Beach, Fla.

ON THE NEW LITURGY

For the . . . Episcopal churches that are now using the Service of Holy Communion as a basis for their weekday healing services, the New Liturgy will be a distinct disappointment. The twenty-four references to healing in our Prayer Book Service are reduced to twelve. . . The seventeen references to the "body" . . . to five. Thus Christ's redemptive concern for the whole man, body and soul, is seriously compromised in the New Service. . .

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For Christmastide

"The hopes and fears of all the years" meet now, in Bethlehem, in all Christendom. The rich chronicles of Christmastide, from the Gospels to still-unsung choruses to the glory of the Lord, illuminate this season's renewing power.

This issue features six separate offerings which, in different ways, evoke the timelessness and urgency of Christmastide. "MESSAGE FROM THE FRONTIER," page 2, sounds a faithful answer to today's headlines. This Christian classic, however, was created more than twenty years ago by the late **William Temple**, 98th Archbishop of Canterbury.

"ARE YOU LOCKING UP JESUS ON DECEMBER 25TH?," page 20, flashes with the challenge and strength we have come to expect from author-priest **Malcolm Boyd**. **Mary Mor-**

ison's "WHY ON EARTH?," page 43, tastes of timeless wonder.

Laura Ingalls Wilder, much-loved children's author, brings a sensitive portrayal of a "PRAIRIE HOLIDAY," page 44. After reading this to their offspring, mothers will find special delight in "WHO STOLE THE BABY JESUS?" page 6, by **Jean Reynolds Davis**. For just about everyone, the true story of "THE CAROL FROM BETHLEHEM'S STREETS," page 14, will provide the same fascination it did for author **J. C. Long**.

As our peppered Table of Contents indicates, THE EPISCOPALIAN is learning to walk faster over the same amount of territory. By trimming down the size of items and thus accommodating more of them, we hope to range more effectively over more subjects for more busy people.

LETTERS

Continued from page 3

... Why must we go back to preaching a truncated Gospel with its message of redemption applied to the forgiveness of sins without the logical extension of that message for the making whole of the mind and body. . . .

... I would suggest that the logical order would be a service for the ministration of the Laying on of Hands followed by the Thanksgiving Service, the Eucharist, for the healing received through the Laying on of Hands.

THE REV. ALFRED W. PRICE
Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLINESS OF HATS?

I have been an Episcopalian all my life . . . and have been brought up with the understanding . . . [that] all females . . . should have something on their heads. If not a hat, at least chapel cap or scarf. It amazes me every Sunday at church . . . [that some are] bareheaded. To me, it shows disrespect. . . .

MRS. JEAN MCCULLOUGH
Atlanta, Ga.

OH, THOSE LADIES!

While reading the United Thank Offering report in the December issue, I could almost hear a trumpeter "charge" musically calling the Women of the Church to action.

I suppose we have all known that the pittances we drop into the blue boxes each year add up to a goodly sum. But to see the projects listing and the diversified use of the funds makes me feel that even the bit each of us contributes is a vital part of this dramatic whole.

MRS. H. O. CHANDLER
New York, N.Y.

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In the next issue

- What do you think about the war in Vietnam?
- Partnership Projects, '68: a special lift-out section
- Half a World Close Hawaii and East Africa
- This House Is Not for Sale

continuing

FORTH and

The Spirit of Missions

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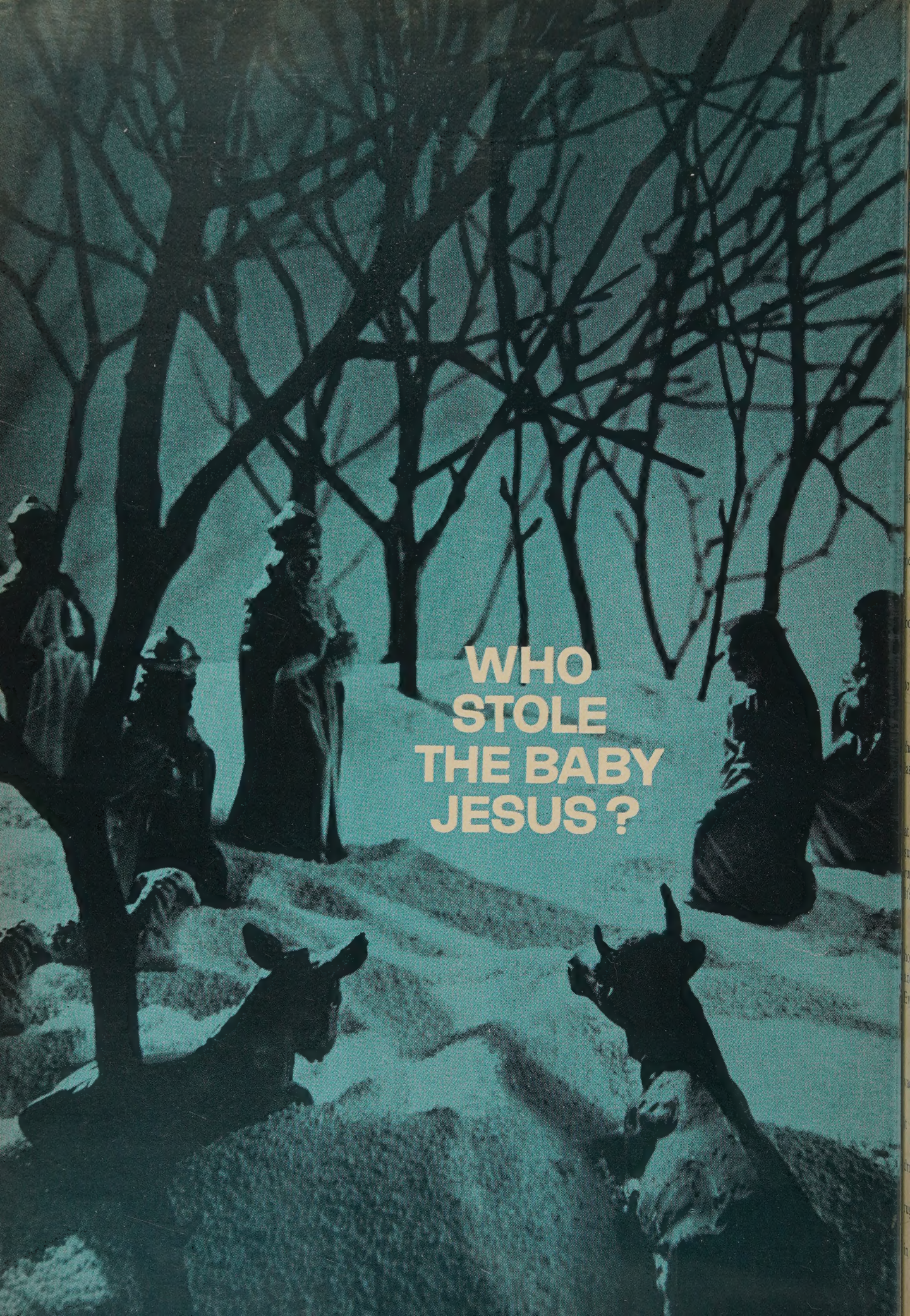
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A monochromatic teal illustration depicting a biblical scene. In the center, a group of figures in traditional robes are gathered. To the left, a figure stands near a tree, while another figure is seated on the ground. To the right, two more figures are seated. In the foreground, two animals, possibly donkeys or oxen, are visible, looking towards the central group. The background is filled with the silhouettes of bare trees, creating a dense, wooded atmosphere. The overall style is that of a vintage poster or book cover.

**WHO
STOLE
THE BABY
JESUS ?**

"CAN I GO OUT and see the crash scene, Mommy?"

I asked Danny.

"No," I said. "It's snowing. And it's *crèche*. Not ash."

"Mrs. Nelson. I'm sorry to bother you so early. But my vacuum cleaner just broke down and I'm having a neighbor's guests and I was wondering whether I might borrow your vacuum. Just for a few minutes."

"Certainly, Mrs. Davidson. I won't need it till late this morning."

"Oh, I'll get it back to you by then. No problem. Thank you so much. And Merry Christmas!"

She bumped my hand-me-down Hoover out over the ice-glazed trolley tracks as though it were the latest model snow-blower.

"Merry Christmas," muttered Mark under his breath as he pulled on his overcoat.

"Are you leaving so early?" I asked.

"Got to take Louise Harrington to put a wreath on her mother's grave. Scott's out of town till tonight."

"Better wear your rubbers," I suggested.

"Better wear my boots, I think." He rooted for his boots in the hall closet and began tugging at them.

"Then you'll be back?"

"Then I have to take the Reynolds-wrap halos over to St. Paul's Methodist Church for *their* pageant."

"Then you'll stop by to see us?"

"Then I have to go to the music school and return the hand bells we borrowed for the choir concert last week."

"Then you'll be—"

"Then I have to get ready for the Family Service at seven-thirty, put the poinsettias in the church, make sure the candles are all lit for the candlelight procession, run over the order of the service with the acolytes. It's a bit different on Christmas Eve."

"Well—have a good day."

As I closed the door after him, the washer began slopping all over the laundry room floor, spewing water and suds like a thing alive. A repairman on Christmas Eve? Oh dear!

"Mrs. Davidson! You're back already?"

"Mrs. Nelson, there's something wrong with this vacuum."

"Bring it in here in the living room and let's plug it in."

"See, I told you! It's not picking up the dirt. It's slopping it out!"

Sure enough. And all of the dirt from Mrs. Davidson's rugs was now on *my* rug.

Danny pulled at my skirt, saying, "Can't I sing 'Away in a Manger' for Mrs. Davidson, Mommy?"

"Not now, dear. Go feed your kitty."

"Yes?"

"Well, ma'am, it's me an' my wife." "An' we're wonderin' if there's any odd jobs we can do to earn a dollar."

"Dear me . . . Well, my washer broke down. I guess you could help me mop up the laundry room. It's out that way." I gestured through the kitchen.

"Danny and Timmy! Stop taking that stuff out of the box! This minute!"

"But Mommy . . ."

"Ma'am?" It was my helper from the laundry room. "My wife is pretty hungry."

"My goodness! Here! Give your wife some cookies. And there's coffee on the stove. What's your name, by the way?"

"Harold. And my wife's name is Mary."

"Doesn't she talk, Harold?"

"No, ma'am. She isn't quite right up here since the accident." He pointed to his head.

"What accident?"

"Well, we had a boy, ma'am. And he got hit by a railroad train. She's not been the same since. Wants to be near the tracks all the time. Thinks she can bring him back er somethin'. Just a little thing he was."

"How terribly sad."

"Hello, Sally Lou. What can I do for you?"

"Mrs. Nelson, I got my feet wet. Can I call my father to come and get me?"

"Certainly, dear. Come on in."

"Time for naps, boys," I said, hoping that once they got into bed, and the house was emptied of people, I might find a few minutes to rest myself and to think about the coming of the Christ Child.

"But Mommy! Can't I *please* sing 'Away in a Manger' for Mary and Harold? Look, they've just brought the tree in!"

"All right, Danny. Just the first verse."

While he sang, Mary turned to the window and stared out at the snow.

"Thank you. Thank you, boy," said Harold.

"Now! Up into bed for Christmas elves!" I said, hustling Danny up the winding staircase and balancing Timmy on my hip.

The ringing phone brought me the voice of Hannah Grimm to ask me to be sure that the hot air ducts in the floor of the center church aisle were closed when that Forbes girl went up to the altar rail because she always wore full skirts and the boys couldn't keep their eyes off her legs.

"Got to Keep Christ in Christmas," she admonished.

"Orville! What's your problem?"

"Sorry, Barbie. We'll have to have choir rehearsal

Who Stole the Baby Jesus?

here today. The key to the chapel piano is lost and the church is too cold."

Orville Black, our new organist, trudged in wearing hip boots and ear muffs well-flecked with snow. The choir boys all bounced in after him, throwing snow in every direction.

"Somebody stole the Baby Jesus! Somebody stole the Baby Jesus!" shouted one.

"Whatever do you mean?" I asked.

"The Baby Jesus is gone from the crèche on the church lawn."

"Isn't that strange! Who would take it? Some tyke from the neighborhood, I guess."

Mary and Harold had sidled over toward me.

"Ma'am, I think we'd better be goin' now. I can't thank ya enough fer the coat and the food. I sure wish there was somethin' else we could do fer ya."

"Well, if you should see the Baby Jesus doll down the block on a trash heap, bring it back, will you? Mary'll be lonely tonight without her child."

I could have bitten my tongue off. There was no expression on the woman's face. She just turned abruptly and they were gone.

"Stop by church tonight, if you can!" I called after them.

The choir began rehearsing.

"Let's sing 'Bring a Torch' real loud now," said somebody.

"Yeah. And then how about 'While Shepherds Washed Their Socks by Night.' " And everybody laughed.

I left to check on the boys. Danny was playing Rudolph the Rednosed Reindeer and had his nose covered with red lipstick. He was leaping back and forth between the twin beds in his room.

"Who stole the Baby Jesus, Mommy?" he asked.

"I see you've been listening instead of napping, you imp. But it was only a plastic doll from the Five and Ten anyhow. Don't worry about it."

Christmas lights were now twinkling on along Hobbs Avenue.

"You might as well stay and have a bite of dinner with us, Orville," I said.

After settling Orville and the children at the table, and having Danny say his favorite grace, I thought to myself: "I will wait. Maybe Mark and I can have our hamburgers alone together later."

I thought of the other clergy wives, each with needs—needs for love, understanding, companionship, contact with the secular world, personal fulfillment.

In a flash the papier-mâché puppet of the superhuman minister's wife collapsed to reveal us all: stripped of pretense, naked in our loneliness, together in our humanness. A minister's wife, to be sure, was just another insecure child of God, all too needful of the Divine Christmas Baby.

With a deep sigh, I seized the hammer and tacked up some mistletoe, pinning a small sprig in my hair with the knowledge that Mark would take advantage of it as soon as he stepped inside the front door.

But when he arrived home for that quick hamburger with me, he was preoccupied with service details.

"Gee," I tried to begin, "I haven't seen you all day. What's your name?"

"Keith Sanders."

"That's not your name, silly!"

"No. It's the name of my server tonight. Did I stop by?"

"No. But Johnnie Owens, your crucifer, did. I told him he'd have to see you before the seven-thirty service."

"We have to have three fire extinguishers because of the candles tonight. Orders of the Fire Marshal."

"What do you want for dessert?"

"The star over the altar."

"You're out of your mind!"



*When your husband shifts from pre-medical study to the priesthood, it takes some getting used to. Today Jean Reynolds Davis shares the rectory at St. Christopher's Episcopal Church, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. Her first book, *A Hat on the Hall Table* (Harper & Row), is a fictional account of what she and other clergy wives all know about the delights and drawbacks of rectory life. Jean (Mrs. Warren A.) Davis has also co-authored a ten-volume teaching series for piano published by Boston Music Co., and created music for ballet, two chamber operas, and a woodwind quintet. The Davises have two sons.*

"The star over the altar has to have special wiring. I'd like to bring up those long extension cords from the church basement?"

"I don't know, Mark. But I guess we'll have to have that conversation later."

"Now, Mommy, now? Can I sing 'Away in a Manger' Daddy and Mr. Black?"

But Mark was gone out the door with three quick kisses and Orville was busy wrapping his mouth around the third hamburger.

I dressed the children, and then went into my room to freshen my make-up. There on the vanity were two small gifts with a note which read: "Open these now, please, M." I opened the large package first. Raspberry lip balm! Then I opened the smaller one. It had a note attached which read: "My sin has been in neglecting you today and so many days. Your sin is in being too sweet." The package held a bottle of My Sin perfume.

I shed a happy tear and sprayed the perfume lavishly on my neck.

Upon coming downstairs I was overjoyed to find that Orville had successfully dealt with the washer repairman. In the interim he had even stacked the dishes in the sink!

Out into the snow we plunged. The flakes filled our eyes and Timmy laughed as he tried to catch them in his mitten.

Orville helped me up the steps with the boys. We went into the church and found a place to sit near the front.

We had just finished singing, "Christ Was Born on Christmas Day," when Danny turned unexpectedly to me and said, "Mommy, if Jesus was born today, why don't we sing 'Happy Birthday to Jesus'?"

"We'll sing it tomorrow, Danny, at Christmas dinner. We might even put a birthday candle in the plum pudding. Wouldn't that be fun?"

People were still sliding into the pews when Orville and the organ began to play the sermon hymn, "Away in a Manger." We all rose to our feet.

"Now, Danny! Here's your chance! Sing it loud and clear!"

He beamed at me and his child's voice echoed above the rest around us. I glanced back and was surprised to see Mary and Harold huddled in the back pew. Suddenly I realized, miracle of miracles, Mary was singing!

Mark almost always talked over his sermon ideas with me and this time had been no exception.

So, when he began with material which was unfamiliar to me, I realized he had discarded his notes in favor of new inspiration.

"All day there has been much concern over the fact that the Baby Jesus doll has disappeared from the manger scene on the church lawn. As I went about my own activities I thought how significant this may be for us all.

"Is this a sign that our Christmas is too often geared

around the artificial and the contrived?"

"Perhaps the absence of the doll challenges us to face the presence of the real thing: Jesus, the baby, requiring human love and nourishment; God Incarnate, needing us; Christ the Risen Man, seeking us out in the complexities of our humanness as we fumble our ways toward life eternal.

"We have to put life, not a plastic doll, into the poor manger of this world. It is in the stable of our poverty that the Savior's spirit may be born, may be found by us.

"And there is no perfect place, no perfect time, for Christmas to happen. The scene in the Inn was, after all, not staged for painters of colorful Nativity tableaux on greeting cards. It was a rough, crude stable.

"It is a good thing that God does not wait for a perfect Christmas to send His Son's spirit to us. It is a good thing that Jesus reaches us in this warped world, when we so much need Him, without consideration of time or place.

"Let us then thank God for the disappearance of the plastic image of His Son from our crèche. Let us be grateful to learn again that Christ's coming is a reentry into the real flesh-and-blood life we now live."

During the communion I sat there listening to the music and watching the familiar faces go up the aisle: the loved and the unloved, the happy and the unhappy, the bereaved, the aged, the babes in arms, the troubled—all the strengths and weaknesses of life etched into every face as it passed.

After the service, everyone exchanged festive greetings before departing for home. Mark and I finally broke away and took the children over to the Rectory where, after a Christmas star cookie and a glass of milk, they were readied for bed.

I couldn't believe it. At last we're alone together. Mark kissed me and then whispered, "Happy Christmas Eve, darling." I kissed him back and replied, "Happy hectic Christmas Eve, sweetheart. And we have just about an hour's work left before the late service. Come and take a look at this lopsided tree."

"I missed you today, Barb. It was a wildly busy one for me."

"Well, if you think *your* day was wild, you should have been around here! And don't think I haven't felt guilty for not taking time out to think about Christ's coming!"

"Sure, Barbie. But you know that He's been moving in and out of this house all day long."

We walked to the front window together, and looking out at the shimmering Christmas lights of Hobbs Avenue, Mark put his arm around my shoulders.

"Did anyone find the Baby Jesus doll yet?" I murmured.

"No," said Mark. "Someone took it who wanted attention, I guess."

"Or else," I said sadly, "someone who didn't have a real baby and who needed somebody or something to love."

HOW TO SURVIVE NINE TO FIVE

HE IS A LAWYER and a life-long Episcopalian and has been to several laymen's meetings like the one on his calendar today.

It's a busy time at the office, but he did say he'd be there and besides, sometimes these things turn out to be pretty good. This one sounds a little different—for lawyers only—and he might run into some of his friends.

Once the meeting starts, however, he finds all his comfortable expectations blasted off to Glory by a high-powered, horn-locking, coats-off session where *he* has to do the talking. Not about the Church's history or his parish's problems, but about himself, in his own nine-to-five life, five or six days a week, in his home, in his neighborhood.

Questions and comments punctuate the air. "*Knowing your client is guilty, do you defend him? Try to get him off?*" "*We should do what the client wants.*" ". . . if a lawyer treats his profession as it should be, he can't help but be a practicing Christian."

Surprised by the sound of his own voice, the lawyer finds himself joining in, making some observations of his own. Somehow the fact that everybody else knows what knotty decisions he, as a lawyer, must make every day makes it much easier to get down to cases.

The time passes too quickly. He would like to keep going awhile longer, but instead carefully notes the date for the next "occupational seminar" sponsored by the Episcopal Churchmen in his home Diocese of Chicago.

Salty

Since the 1964 launching of the Chicago program, more than 1,000 men and women representing thirteen

What does Christianity have to do with taking a pulse or selling machinery? In talkarounds tailored to their Monday-through-Saturday lives, Chicago laymen are coming up with some "salty" answers to life's toughest problems.

occupations and more than 140 parishes have voluntarily run the long gauntlet of examining their lives as weekday Christians. Doctors, office workers, salesmen, retired persons, realtors, teachers, entertainers, bankers, and engineers have stuck through the series of seminars tailored for each vocational category. Group leaders—mostly laymen—help those attending each session focus in on the real issues confronting the Christian in the abrasive arena of nine-to-five, where the decisions a person makes can affect his family, his security, and his life—and where the issues are as often gray as black-and-white.

In a seminar for salesmen, for example, one member said, "*One problem I have is selling a piece of equipment up to a certain point—then, another product is better.*"

"*But what can I do? The whole company is geared to my inferior product. If I stopped selling it, hun-*

dreds of people would be out of work. You call that being 'moral'?"

The willingness of laymen to dig up and work through the obstacles of their workaday world comes as no surprise to Mr. Morton O. Nace, Jr., executive director of the diocesan laymen's organization and leader of the seminar program. "What could make more sense than for the Church to encourage a program for laymen and by laymen that reaches men where they work?" he asks.

"Our laymen are responding because they are involved in a program that has deep meaning for them," says Mr. Gus Treffeisen, vice president of the Chicago Churchmen and a retired marketing executive.

"I've been a long-time member of the Church," he continues, "and this is the first time I've seen the Church trying to help men become more effective Christians *in and through their work*. In the past, it's been the ashes-and-dishes group or the eat-meet lecture programs."

Small-group discussion is central to any seminar: If the group is too large for easy and frank exchange, the leader breaks it into two or three smaller sections. The leaders—quite often parish keymen, themselves "alumni" of earlier seminars—are prepared to do their jobs. What could make better sense, as Morton Nace would say, than for a realtor to lead a seminar for realtors?

Basic background reading—along with the Bible—is a little, 75-cent, 64-page book called *Salty Christians*, a Seabury Press publication by Hans-Ruedi Weber. Simply presented and walloping in its impact, *Salty Christians* quickly moves from a book title to an anchor for a life-style. Translated into seminar terms, this reads, "Ye are the salt of the earth . . .

d you should spread the salt
ound!"

Doctors' Diagnoses

The very bigness and complexity of contemporary society factors heavily against a Christian's efforts to be "altly." This issue arises without fail at every seminar, and with particular force in the session for members of the medical profession.

"The paradox of improving medical care and the increasing depersonalization of the patient" was only the foundation on which to build the discussion. As the doctors progressed, the personal realities that frustrate the physician's efforts to function as a

Christian in his patient-to-patient rounds were painfully dredged up. Capsule excerpts from this session read almost like a dramatic script:

First Doctor: There is no longer a one-to-one relationship of doctor to patient. Many patients have multiple physicians. . . . Communities have sprung up overnight with more and more people. It is less easy for one or two physicians to know everyone.

Second Doctor: . . . when a patient enters a hospital today, he loses personal identity. He's gradually referred to not as Mr. Jones, but that case of mitral stenosis in the second bed on the left. I don't think we're entirely to blame for this. . . .

Third Doctor: We're too busy with administration, investigative duties, arrangement of students' schedules, to the point where the students don't see that great man on top as being the person taking care of patients. . . .

Fourth Doctor: I feel the Church should remind the physician of his responsibilities and obligations.

Third Doctor: Maybe the Church has failed *us*.

Fifth Doctor: These seminars seem to discount that . . . at least we're bringing these factors out into the open now.

Group Leader (also an M.D.): Gentlemen, the Cross remains as a tragic reminder of man's alienation or the de-personalization of man—it is also a reminder of man's profound restoration to himself in Christ.

Serving the Servants

A talkaround for teachers brought out the same kind of barriers imposed by sheer bigness of contemporary institutions. As one teacher pointed out, "The Christian teacher faces a real dilemma because in most cases he or she can't work with individual students; there are too many per classroom."

Teachers also confronted the political maneuvers inevitable in almost any educational set-up, the pressure to conform to the group and not rock the boat by reporting a student for cheating.

In any seminar of this type, no earth-shaking "conversions" can be expected on the spot. Part of the value of getting involved is to see that one's colleagues face the same confusions. Another part, as one Chicago layman observes, is the fact that " . . . no matter what problems you deal with in this area, or how



Ed Roos, in charge of "Chicago Dialogue" for the Church Federation of Greater Chicago, talks about continued cooperation among all denominations.



Carl Rydin, from Trinity Church in Wheaton, responds to questions in a joint session of Chicago laymen

How to Survive From Nine to Five

you discuss them, it seems impossible to detour from one Christian idea: The Christian dilemma is not solved by going to church actively and steadily. It is solved by way of Christian contact between human beings and human beings. . . ."

"Knock it off, Charlie!"

Businessmen—in management, sales, real estate—office workers and all those who confront commercial realities have a different kind of "system" to tangle with. Sometimes it seems easier to resign oneself to the decision that the "organization" is unassailable.

One Early Comment

"The lawyer shouldn't be concerned about the spiritual dimension of legal problems. That's the concern of paid ministers!"

"It seems to me that management is responsible for all decisions . . . why should I stick my neck out? It's the company's reputation that's at stake, not mine," said one employee of a large firm.

"Look, Charlie," toned another businessman, "knock off the un-Christian stuff. Conform to something worth conforming to: Christ!"

Other dilemmas that arise for airing include the uneasy situation of the owner of a telephone-answering service. When a customer instructs her to say he isn't in, she does not want to lie—but knows she'll lose an important account if she doesn't.

What happens to the engineer who knows the product he has designed needs more safety devices—and also knows the company's interest is slicing costs to the bone to create a higher profit margin?

For professional communicators, the task of self-evaluation is particularly prickly: What do you do when you know the news, objectively told, will not interest the reader—and yet the attention-grabbing sensational emphasis is not exactly the whole truth?

Pins

Sooner or later, a seminar can balloon into a glow of good intentions—only to be pricked by a realistic skeptic who is convinced the glow won't last. "Being a salty Christian in this world is tough," said one seminar member. "Christian witness is fine till you try to bring it to your manager at the office!"

Much of the determination to try nine-to-five Christianity is far from superficial, however. "I'm tired of having to practice hypocrisy by protecting the prejudices of the home owners we are servicing," said one

One Alumnus Reports

" . . . I received an invitation from the Episcopal Churchmen to participate in a vocational seminar for realtors. I was surprised that a seminar devoted to my profession was being held . . . and dubious as to the motive in having a meeting of real estate brokers at a time when open occupancy was an issue prominent in the press. Nonetheless, I accepted the invitation . . .

" . . . many of us had approached this first seminar with the fear that it would be a lecture by non-realtors or clergy on our responsibilities in business as defined by the Church. We couldn't have been more wrong. Our seminar was devoted to one thing: the conflict between our daily business judgments and our ethical and moral obligations as Christians.

" . . . No big decisions were made or great problems solved, but we all came away with an awareness that we had discovered a new tool—the vocational seminar—which could be used to help solve our Christian business problems. . . . No matter what your vocation, you no doubt have questions that need answers. I suggest you . . . find out when you can plan, with your peers, a vocational seminar for your profession.

"You'll be amazed!"

realtor in a discussion about the widespread resistance in many communities to the policy of open housing. "It's time," he stated, "that we say we won't do it."

One Specialty

The seminars, devoted to a group of laymen with the same kind of jobs, not only create a bond of under-

standing for the other fellow's troubles. In time, the participant comes to realize that, for all Christians, the mandates are similar and the going is tough. "No wonder it's hard for me to carry Christ into the office," said one man. "We're afraid someone might brand us as kooks. Course, to me, it is a part of our Christian witness—a part of this salt we keep talking about, isn't it?"

Linked by a common bond of "saltiness," several seminar veterans, representing a gallimaufry of occupations, met last summer for the Diocese of Chicago's Annual Episcopal Churchmen Conference.

The Rt. Rev. Gerald Francis Burrill, Bishop of Chicago, and Bishop Adjutor James W. Montgomery—both strong supporters of the laymen's program—provided assistance at the two-day meeting. At the Annual Conference in Naperville, Illinois, Bishop Burrill stated the "salty Christian" challenge this way: "In this world, man is motivated by four things. Self-preservation is number one; self-indulgence is number two. Then comes love of another person and last of all, response to God.

"Now," the Bishop continued, "if we could just turn that worldly list

Plain Talk

"... I have, many times, been extremely critical and asked, 'What are we, as men, really doing for our Church?' I've attended meetings of Episcopal men who play fellowship A-Go-Go, pat each other on the back... show up for an occasional Sunday breakfast... talk about everything but Christian purpose and what we, as the laity, are supposed to be doing to be worth the 'salt of the earth.'

"Don't get me wrong. I'm just as big a hypocrite as the rest of you—but the Episcopal Churchmen events have helped me recognize the weakness. I have incentive to do something about my life—not only on Sunday, but during the other six days of the week... You can't beat opening up your brain to other breadwinners who have the same moral/spiritual dilemmas within their business activity. And the remarkable advantage is that they've solved some of these dilemmas.

"... To those who would say 'too busy,' I would say, '*All right, Charlie, but isn't it time you made a life instead of merely a living?*'"



Morton O. Nace, Jr., Executive Secretary of Chicago's Episcopal Churchmen, clarifies a point during a question and answer session of the meeting.

around and reverse the order. If only we could think of response to God as number one. This is what you should think of when you hear or read the words, 'salty Christians.' In home life or business life, this is putting salt into action."

After the Bishop's brief address, the laymen took over. In the midst of their brainstorming, a "moral problem" was presented for immediate solution. Because of some fouled-up communications, the parking area the conferees thought they were to use was not "official," and their cars were all ticketed by local policemen. Should they ask the Bishop to use "pull" and have the tickets torn up because of the misunderstanding?

The Bishop did not call at the local police station. And the city did a brisk business in parking fines. ◀

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The Carols

WHEREVER YOU GO after Thanksgiving, the sounds of Christmas carols assault your ears. By December 25, you may be fed up with the music which should make the day joyful.

Yet each of those carols has had its own important history, and one, "*O Little Town of Bethlehem*," has survived under seemingly miraculous circumstances. It is wholly American, was written just 100 years ago, is more widely printed than any other, and is the only American one included in the *Oxford Book of Carols*.

The unusual origin of "*O Little Town of Bethlehem*" is two-fold: first, in how the words came to be written, and next, in how the music was composed a year later.

In 1867, Phillips Brooks, then only 32 years of age, was the popular rector of the Church of the

Holy Trinity in Philadelphia. It was a huge, fashionable parish, but Brooks was not content to be a worldly success. He was just that, however. He was the most eligible bachelor in the city, six feet four in height, with arresting dark eyes and an eloquent voice. He came from a notable family and his father was rich. Brooks had a romantic temperament and a great love for children.

Because he became oppressed by the incessant burdens of his ministry, Phillips Brooks obtained a year's leave of absence from his vestry. He promptly set forth for Palestine. Companions report that in Jerusalem he gaily walked around the city singing "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen," "Jerusalem the Golden," and "Holy, Holy, Holy." The pedlars, merchants, and beggars must have thought that this tall clamorous foreigner was simply one more crazy American.

Brooks went on to see Bethlehem, the birthplace of the Christ Child, where he was overwhelmed that the village had changed so little through the centuries. He found shepherds still watched their flocks by night. He resolved somehow to bring the message back home, to tell the story to the children of his parish, since they had always been his chief interest. His Sunday school was one of the largest in the city.

He struggled with the task of telling the story and finally turned to verse. The first stanza

of the five he wrote came out:

O little town of Bethlehem

How still we see thee lie!

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep

The silent stars go by;

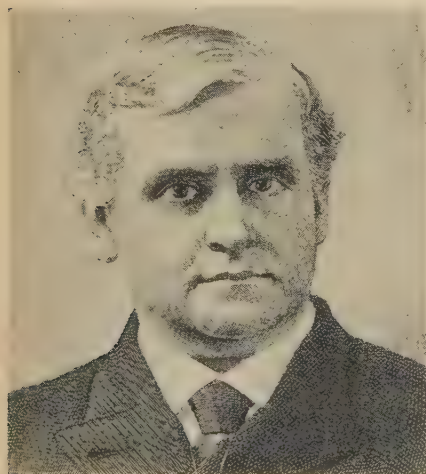
Yet in thy dark streets shine

The everlasting light;

The hopes and fears of all the years

Are met in thee tonight.

Brooks felt the words were inspired, and yet he had inner doubts about them. He mailed the verses to a fellow clergyman in Delaware to get a reaction. His colleague thought the verses were fine and raised the question of how they could become circulated effectively. Brooks realized



Phillips Brooks

Phillips Brooks is remembered on January 23 in the Calendar for Lesser Feasts and Fasts. The Collect for that day reads:

Almighty and everlasting God, the source and perfection of all virtues, who didst inspire thy servant Phillips Brooks both to do what is right and to preach what is true: Grant that all ministers and stewards of thy mysteries may afford to thy faithful people, by word and example, the instruction which is of thy grace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

From Bethlehem's Streets

that the words needed to be set to music. Late in 1868, as the Christmas season drew near, Brooks tossed the verses to his organist, Lewis Redner, saying, "See if you can make a tune for these, to be sung at the Sunday school service."

Redner was flabbergasted. He had composed some hymns, none of which was generally known. But to write music to the rector's words to be played in Holy Trinity? Daily, Brooks would encounter his organist and ask him how the project was coming on. Redner could not report progress. Finally, the night before the children's service was due, Redner retired with his task not yet accomplished.

Initially, he went to sleep, but late in the night, as he tells it, he was awakened. "... Hearing an angel strain whisper in my ear, and seizing a piece of music paper, I jotted down the treble of the tune. Sunday morning, before going to church, I filled in the harmony." This completed "O Little Town of Bethlehem" as we have it today.

Lewis Redner's history illuminates his famous composition. His father was a grocer who lived with his family in a modest home at 41 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. At the age of 15, young Lewis became a dropout from Central High School. He then became a carpenter. No one has recorded how he became organist at the fashionable Holy Trinity. For several years he had

held similar posts in smaller churches; but surely Providence led him to be Trinity's music director that Christmas of 1868. Thus it was that a former carpenter of Philadelphia composed the music for an imperishable carol celebrating the birth of a sometime carpenter of Nazareth.

Holy Trinity's Sunday school children sang "O Little Town of Bethlehem" with so much ease and enthusiasm that Phillips Brooks was encouraged to send duplicate copies to the other Sunday schools in the city. Six years later the Rev. William Huntington included it in *The Church Porch*, a hymnal for Episcopal Sunday schools. Huntington named the tune "St. Louis" in honor of Redner. Then in 1891, the large commercial firm of Biglow and Main published it in their song books. Neither Brooks nor Redner copyrighted the work, nor received royalties from it. In 1899, "O Little Town of Bethlehem" was included in the official hymnal of the Episcopal Church. It is number 21 in the 1940 edition.

Phillips Brooks' ministerial life continued in triumph. He accepted a call to Boston's Trinity Church, where his enormous preaching success was repeated. He was later elected to be Bishop of Massachusetts, in spite of opposition aroused because he championed the cause of the Negro and was a prominent abolitionist.

His preaching made him welcome not only in many corners



Lewis Redner

of the United States, but also abroad. In London, he was a towering success, so much so that after his death a memorial window was erected to him in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Possibly that tribute led the editors to include the verses of "O Little Town" in the *Oxford Book of Carols*. Phillips Brooks' heart would have been warmed by that recognition of his hymn for children. He died in 1893 after a short illness.

There is something mystical about this American carol, a purity, a simplicity unsurpassed elsewhere. Perhaps this is why it survives year after year. In any case, it seems fitting that Brooks and Redner, who loved children but had none of their own, wrote a carol which endures to delight children at Christmas a hundred years later.

Learning to Take It

BY ALAN PATON

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is sadness, joy; where there is darkness, light.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled, as to console; not so much to be understood, as to understand; not so much to be loved, as to love. For it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, it is in dying that we are born again to eternal life.

—ST. FRANCIS

It is about seventeen years since I first read the prayer [of St. Francis of Assisi]. Why I had never seen it before, I do not know. Since that time I have met more and more people who know it, and who find that it speaks to them firmly and clearly in these shifting times.

I suppose it would be true to say that no religion in the world has become so entangled with dogma and doctrine and creed as has our own. The great commandments are two. The first is to love God with heart and soul and mind; the second is to love our neighbours as ourselves. *On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.* And let us remember, there are many people who have been led to understand and obey the first commandment because they tried to be obedient to the second.

ST. TERESA: **We cannot know**

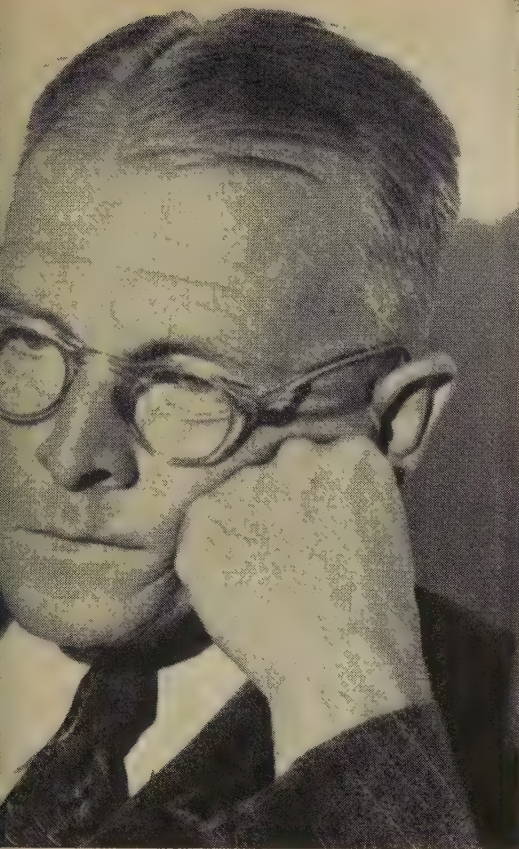
whether we love God, although there may be strong reasons for thinking so, but there can be no doubt about whether we love our neighbour or no. Be sure that in proportion as you advance in fraternal charity, you are increasing in your love of God, for His Majesty bears so tender an affection for us, that I cannot doubt He will repay our love for others by augmenting in a thousand different ways, that which we bear for Him.

What more encouraging words could there be than these, especially for those who love the Good, and are searching for the God from whom all Good comes? What encouragement to be told by a saint that we cannot know whether we love God, although there may be strong reasons for thinking so! I am attracted to many people who love the Good and live their lives as though under some obedience; and I find that they in

their turn are attracted to those Christians who try to obey the two great commandments.

Whatever else shifts, these two cannot shift. On them all else is built—morality, theology, ideals, principles. Yet nothing that is built on them must ever supersede them. If they are ever superseded, then we get that loveless Christianity that is more concerned with law, authority, abstinences, and observances, than with the prisoner in the prison house. I know this Christianity; I have sat in councils with it; its face is too terrible to look upon. No wonder Jesus had such a love for sinners.

The first petition of St. Francis, that he should be the instrument of God's peace, is the greatest that any Christian can offer, and it is followed by six subpetitions, each of them elements of the first, each sublime in its intention. And no sooner have we been overwhelmed by it than



followed by a second petition of equal power, that one should seek not so much to be consoled as to console, a petition offered with a humility and a humility which move as deeply as I write now as ever I did before. Yet Francis does not say that he does not wish to be consoled, understood, and loved. He is willing to receive, for if he is not willing to receive, then he is preventing someone from giving.

In my own country, where there are many races, and where race difference is established and maintained by law, it is difficult for many members of the so-called superior groups to serve those of the so-called inferior groups. For every white man who would help an old black woman to cross a busy street, there would be some who would not; though perhaps some of those would wish that they could do so. But once the barrier is crossed, the whole per-

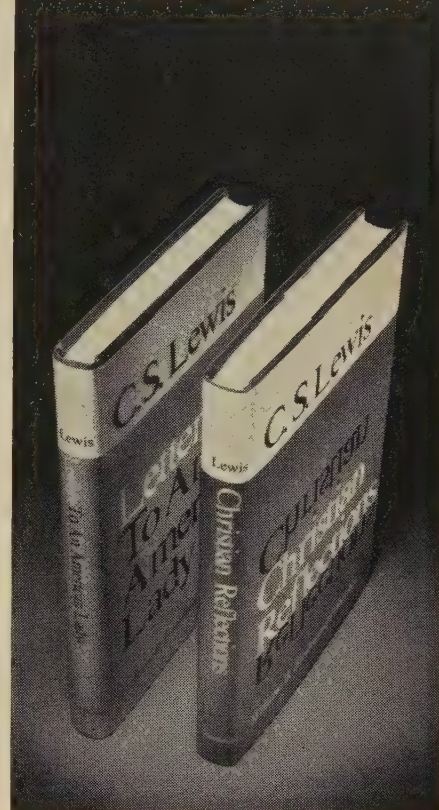
sonality becomes richer and gentler. There is only one way in which man's inhumanity to man can be made endurable to us, and that is when we in our own lives try to exemplify man's humanity to man.

It sometimes happens in this country that a poor person brings a gift to one not poor. If it is done in love and kindness or gratitude, then it should be received. Let us seek not so much to be consoled as to console, but when it is our turn to be consoled, then let us receive such consolation with humility and thanks.

Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest; to give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to ask for rest; to labour and not to ask for any reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy will. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

—ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA

For C. S. Lewis connoisseurs



LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN LADY

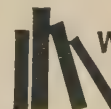
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There's no Grace Church on Sunday

"Hi, Miss BISHOP!" called out seven-year-old Luke one Saturday, "Are we having 'Grace Church' today?"

"No, Luke—no piano lessons or basketball today. But you can come tomorrow morning."

"Aw, heck. Tomorrow's Sunday. There's no Grace Church on Sunday!"

Claire Bishop, Director of Christian Education at Grace Church, Syracuse, New York, vividly remembers her encounter with Luke on that spring morning back in 1966.

His comment triggered Claire and the Youth Education Committee into taking drastic action. Since then she and the committee have developed an experimental Christian education program which has begun its second year at Grace Church this fall. They recognized that while Luke and many other neighborhood children had come to the parish house daily for Grace Church's after-school study and recreation program, and three times a day during the summer, they had attended Sunday school only once or twice.

The Youth Education Committee and its chairman, Reynolds Winslow, examined the church school's role in the total program of the parish. After three months they developed the short-term, voluntary, non-graded project idea, with only the pre-school, kindergarten, and an optional primary class remaining on a year-round basis.

At ten o'clock on Sunday morning parents, teachers, and children worship together. Neither morning prayer nor Holy Communion has been modified as a concession to the presence of the children. After the service, about 11:15, the children and teachers disperse to the group project they have chosen for that six-week period.

On a typical morning a dozen young people in one room nod agree-

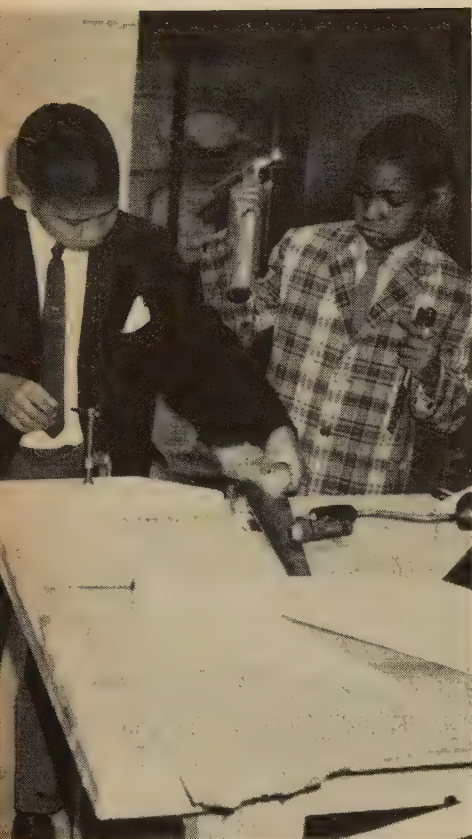
ment as twelve-year-old Marcia comments, "If there were so many Negro cowboys in the Old West, why aren't they shown on TV?" Next door a chorus of "oohs" and "aahs" spill out when William lifts the group's handmade stained glass window to the light. Noisy groups in the undercroft hammer, saw, and glue birdhouses or the future home of a doll family while others engage in studies ranging from biology to translating the Gospel into contemporary speech.

"Only two parents have expressed worries that all our projects aren't specifically religious," comments Miss Bishop. "But by putting these projects back to back with the Liturgy, we hope to indicate that the Church values all of life—and to assert the unity of redeemed creation."

A few problems in the program are not yet solved but these are minor compared to other results in the life of the parish. On Easter Eve the rector, the Rev. Walter N. Welsh, baptized a family whose relationship began in the recreation program and grew through the church school. In February the Rt. Rev. Walter M. Higley, Bishop of Central New York, confirmed several parents whose association with the parish was renewed through their children's participation at Grace Church.

Most important, the new project format has cut through the separation that formerly existed in the minds of some between the "neighborhood" programs and other parish activities. All children, no matter where they live in relation to the church, have embraced their projects joyfully.

Eight-year-old Peter's reaction may be considered typical. At mid-year, having completed projects in painting, gift making, and translating the Bible, he announced to his parents during the drive to their suburban home, "You know, I really like Sundays now."



Learning proper use and care of tools is one aspect of the woodworking class, one of thirty projects being taught at Grace Church, Syracuse, New York.

BY ROSEMARIE W. KRENITSKY



Baby-care is one of the projects offered between October and June at Grace Church. Prospective baby-sitters have a "living doll" to work with—their teacher's infant.



Engineer Gus Stepp, financial secretary for Grace Church, said on the final day of his six-week electricity project, "Hey, this was fun! Be sure to let me do it again!" More people sign up as project leaders for short periods than did for a full year.



CHRISTMAS?

The big mistake we have made is to place it *back there*. So we have made it ancient history instead of modern life. So it concerns angels, shepherds, Mary, Joseph, and an innkeeper, but not us.

It is virtually impossible even to speak sanely or simply about the vulgarization of Christmas which has ensued. We have surrounded the Christ event with superstition, lovelessness, *big* dollar signs, dehumanization dipped in eggnog, and *nothing, nothing, nothing*. Yet Christmas is still here, and we try, however weakly, to comprehend and honor it.

As we celebrate Christmas, napalm is burning people, black persons are denied social equality with white persons, poverty is a cancerous growth in affluent society, human beings feel desperately trapped within terrible urban ghettos, and many churches are hiding behind high protective walls instead of risking worldly security to serve mankind. What can Christmas mean to us, living nearly 2,000 years after the event?

In *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*, I wrote this prayer to Christ at Christmas:

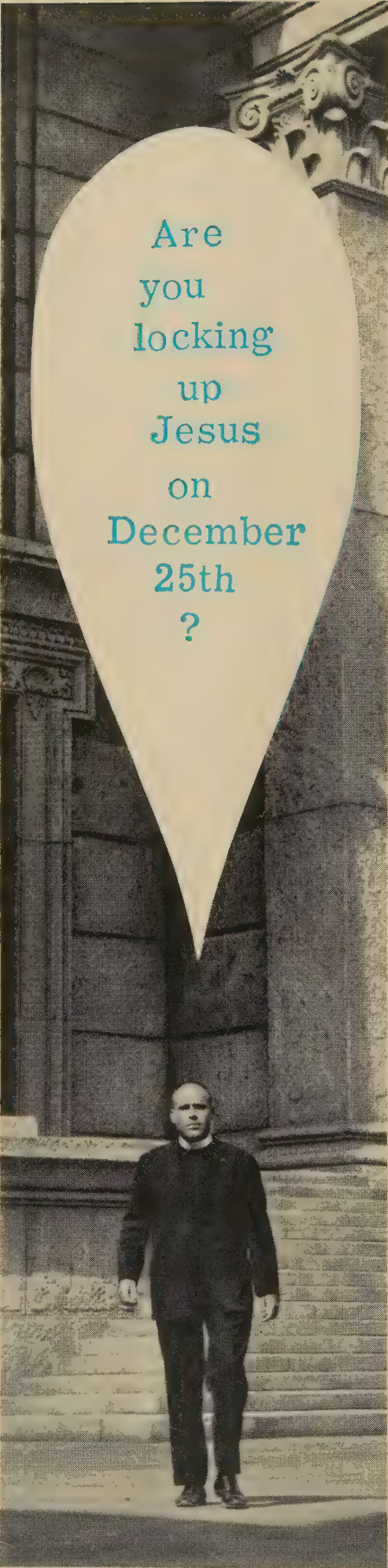
"Why do we celebrate your birth but not your life?

"Why do we call ourselves after your name but refuse to follow after your life?

"I see your face, Jesus, in the face of a Negro woman in Mississippi whose life is made a hell by white 'Christians.' I see your face, Jesus, in the face of a lonely man in a crowded city. I see your face, Jesus, as loved and unloved in the faces of people who hate and persons who love.

"Christmas is a great mystery to me. (The way we practice it, is it a mystery to you, too?)

"Through the sham and simplicity, the cruelty and joy, the exploitation and adoration of it, I see your face. Bless us, *us, us, us*, your brothers and sisters, your disciples, the humanity



Are
you
locking
up
Jesus
on
December
25th
?

you died on the cross to redeem
"Thank you, Christ, on the occasion of Christmas and always, for giving us life in the midst of death, *life, life, with you.*"

Christmas means that God is not shut off, away from us, but is *here, here*, radically involved in our humanity, living, social action, and all our relationships. Christmas means that life is endowed with the purpose and meaning of God's sharing it with us, *now, now*, and counting himself in on the totality of what it is to live and die.

Yet this is threatening, isn't it? Because it means there is a purpose in living beyond our own egotistic desires, illusory securities, roadmaps of our own devising for our brothers in society, and litany chant of *for me, for me*. P. T. Forsyth wisely wrote: "Christ arouses antagonism in the human heart and heroism does not. Everybody welcomes a hero. The minority welcome Christ. We do resent parting completely with ourselves. We do resent Christ."

Our self-centered solution to the problem is manifest in all its shades and sin every December 25. For we have decided to "contain" Christmas into a harmless twenty-four-hour period, jammed with activity to the point of exhaustion, so that we need not even think about what we have done. In a certain sense, our solution represents a kind of genius except for the fact that it is, of course, totally self-defeating.

We have decided, you see, to confine Christmas to Christmas. On December 24, it has not yet arrived ("Santa Claus does not come, Johnny, until tomorrow."). On December 26, it is over ("We've got to think about getting the tree outside, sweeping the room, and cleaning up. It's all over again, dear.").

As a result, we don't let Christmas come at all. By its very nature, it cannot be contained within a tight time period, any more than God can be bottled-up inside a church building.

to be visited once a week for an
r, or Jesus can be invoked in
yer to act as a convenient magician
call.

Fortunately, despite the fact that
don't let Christmas come at all,
s here all the time. It is just that
don't know it, or recognize it,
want it, or admit it. What we call
Christmas style of life" is merely
acknowledgement of Christmas as
everyday reality. It represents an
ense awareness of God's presence
all of life, and a following of Jesus,
Lord and brother, in this life and
ay's world.

o maybe, when we come to Christ-
s in terms of its being a day on
ember 25, we ought to relax
out the whole thing. Actually, the
rticular day is a symbol of the
nt which is constant. Therefore,
should give a few more presents
oughout the whole year and a few
s presents on December 25. We
uld write a few more letters
oughout the whole year and a few
s letters, or cards, in the two-week
iod preceding December 25. We
uld try to be honest enough to
Christ in everyday life instead of
berately romanticizing Him on
ember 25 as a convenient way out
recognizing Him on all the other
s.

Then what, precisely, are we to
on December 25?

Whatever prayer happens to mean
us, we should engage in the prac-
e of it on December 25. Represent-
our place in the greater com-
nity of other people who are
empting to follow Jesus in every-
y life, we should probably join
h that community, the Church, in
at we call "public worship." How-
er, unless some changes have been
de in our own local community,
church, we will probably experi-
e great difficulty participating in
singing of such hymnal phrases
"The angel of the Lord came
wn, and glory shone around,"
om angels bending near the earth

to touch their harps of gold," "From
heaven high I come to you, I bring
you tidings good and new" and
"Angels, from the realms of glory,
wing your flight o'er all the earth."
But only clouds and jets are *up there*;
God is *right here*.

Hymns may not be our only source
of difficulty in the church worship
on December 25. We will wish, as
on other days, for a form of "the
sermon" which permits congrega-
tional response, questioning, and dis-
cussion; prayers which seem closer
to our everyday life and, indeed, to
the real problems we know exist in
our world of today; a service of
worship which somehow relates us
more intimately and powerfully to
one another as, together, we gather
with God in this community and
place, and reaffirm our love for our
brothers in the world.

Here I am in church again, Jesus.

"I love it here, but, as you know,
for some of the wrong reasons. I
sometimes lose myself completely in
the church service and forget the
people outside whom you love. I
sometimes withdraw far, far inside
myself when I am inside church, but
people looking at me can see only
my pious expression and imagine I
am loving you instead of myself.

"Help us, Lord, who claim to be
your special people. Don't let us
feel privileged and selfish because
you have called us to you. Teach us
our responsibility to you, our brother,
and to all the people out there. Save
us from the sin of loving religion
instead of you."

It is Christmas. The altar is
decked with flowers, the church well
heated, the building packed with
people. Is the church revealed to
be thankful for the birth of Jesus,
or for the richness of yuletide
presents, the good life, national
supremacy, and the security of yet

another year's solid status quo of
life? Is the church revealed to be
thankful because Jesus came for the
"nice" people (ourselves), or to be
thankful because Jesus came also
for "the blind . . . the lame . . . the
lepers . . . the deaf . . . the dead . . .
the poor . . ." (and are we aware
this means us, too?)

Instead of the old crèche scene we
have used for the past fourteen years,
let's ask some students to create a
modern design telling about Christ's
presence with us in our world of
this day. The design might include
the faces of Vietnamese men, women,
and children, in whose faces (as in
all faces) we may see the face of
Christ; blacks and whites, reds and
yellows, *all people* sharing God's
democratic gift of humanness; signs
of poverty and the ghetto, so that we
do not forget Christ's presence today
in great need as well as in our own
affluent exchange of gifts, rich
Christmas dinners, and expensive
altars banked with high-priced yule-
tide flowers.

"It's Christmas again, Jesus.

"So we're going to celebrate your
birthday another time around. But
are we aware you're real, Lord?

"I mean, do we honestly accept
your humanness as well as your
divinity? I don't think so. Maybe
this is why we seem to be despising
humanness pretty generally in our
world right now.

"Thank you, Jesus, for your life as
a baby, a growing boy, and a man.
Thank you for respecting and loving
our humanness so much that you
have completely shared it with us.

"And thank you for being real,
Jesus. Please help us to understand
what it means to be truly human
and real, with you and the others
with whom we share life.

"'Silent night.' The nights I know,
Lord, are noisy and frantic. Be there
with me in the noise and confusion,
will you, Jesus? Happy birthday . . .
I hope it's okay to say that to you,
Lord. Jesus, thanks for being our
brother as well as our Lord." ◀

BY MALCOLM BOYD



A dialogue in one part. We're calling this fiction, but don't you believe it.

AFTER PUSEY WHAT?



THE SCENE IS A SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM.

Harry: Come in, Bill. Boy, I'm sure glad you had this evening free before the board of trustees meeting next week. Let's have your coat.

Bill: Thanks, Harry. I wouldn't have had it free if our client in Chicago hadn't cancelled on us yesterday. But I guess I'm as glad as you are to get together ahead of time on this seminary thing. It seems to me every time we go to a meeting lately we tread water a little more desperately and just a little more hopelessly—but maybe it's just me.

Harry: No, you're right. It gets tougher every time. Frankly, I think we've come about as far as we can with the seminary without admitting to ourselves that we've got to move the educational apparatus for training our clergy into the twentieth century.

Bill: Now wait a minute. You and I both know how few people really understand the crucial role spiritual values need to play in the country's affairs right now, and we can't risk those just for the sake of efficiency—because we can't seem to pry enough dough out of our fellow Episcopalians.

What really gets me down is that every year we go out and beat our brains out trying to get the loyal alumni of the seminary to put their facts of theological education to their people and take a good, generous offering, or to their vestrymen, and all we can come up with is a measly 40¢ per communicant. And to top it all, a couple of thousand of the reactors out there across the country

The Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, California, seen from the air; left, is a growing center for ecumenical theological education of eleven formerly scattered institutions. The clusters of buildings, all within two blocks of the University of California, include: 1. The Dominican Priory, 2. Church Divinity School of the Pacific (Episcopal), 3. Pacific School of Religion (Interdenominational), 4. Graduate Theological Union, 5. Starr King School for the Ministry (Universalist-Unitarian.)

on't lift a finger about it. It makes you wonder where they think their successors are going to get educated. Harry: Well, that's just why I wanted to talk to you tonight. At the meeting coming up next week, the Theological Education Sunday Offering will be on the agenda. But I saw a couple of guys from two other seminary boards last week in San Francisco; we had some pretty interesting talk over drinks late one afternoon. I think we just might go into this year's effort for the offering with a not more hopeful pitch.

Bill: Do you mean General Convention's acceptance of the Pusey Report (*Ministry for Tomorrow*, Seabury Press) and the new Board for Theological Education the Presiding Bishop will appoint soon? If you think that's really encouraging, I'll have to disagree. I don't say it isn't a good report, but when it tells us that in the school year 1970-71 the bill for the eleven seminaries, to do exactly what they are now doing for the same number of students, is going to go from this year's bill of \$5.7 million to over \$12 million, I don't think that's encouraging.

Not only that, Harry; this new Board for Theological Education won't have any legal power to get the seminaries to do anything. That Board can be as persuasive as they want to be, but we both know the Episcopal seminaries are really private institutions and are controlled by three things: their own boards, the Bishops who are willing to send them students, and the people they can persuade to foot the bill.

How can we possibly say anything encouraging when all that is true?

Harry: Right, that's just how things are, but let's take a look at what has begun to happen. In some ways, the Pusey report is not just a proposal for the future; some of it is already history. Take Berkeley, California as a first example. Back in 1962, something called the Graduate Theological Union was put together by the men directing the theological education in that area.

Since that time the center has act-

ed like a magnet for almost every theological education effort going on there. The schools participating in it right now represent the American Baptists, the Center for Judaic Studies, the Lutheran Church in America, the United Presbyterians, the Unitarians, our own Episcopal Church Divinity School of the Pacific, the interdenominational Pacific School of Religion; and the Roman Catholics have five schools in the mix. These include two groups of Dominicans, their St. Patrick's diocesan seminary, and the Jesuits have moved their Alma College to Berkeley.

Alma's Rector-President, a man named Richard A. Hill, S.J., said, "We have been convinced for a long time that the best theological education for Catholic seminarians is only possible in an ecumenical environment, located near a great university. . . . We confidently expect that a location in close contact with the Union and its participating schools will substantially improve the quality of our own programs and advance the development of Christian and Judaic scholarship."

Now, Bill, what this means is that each of these schools moves into its own dormitory to house its own com-

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH'S SCHOOLS OF THEOLOGY

*Berkeley Divinity School,
New Haven, Conn.*

**Bexley Hall,
Gambier, Ohio**

(After July 1, 1968, Rochester, N.Y.)

*Divinity School of the Protestant
Episcopal Church,
Philadelphia, Pa.*

**Episcopal Theological School
Cambridge, Mass.**

*Episcopal Theological Seminary of
the Southwest, Austin, Tex.*

**General Theological Seminary of
the Protestant Episcopal Church
in the United States
New York, N.Y.**

*Nashotah House,
Nashotah, Wis.*

**Protestant Episcopal Theological
Seminary in Virginia
Alexandria, Va.**

*School of Theology of the University
of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.*

**Seabury-Western Theological
Seminary, Evanston, Ill.**

THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION SUNDAY OFFERING

	<i>Offering</i>	<i>Parishes Participating</i>	<i>Total Churches</i>
1962	\$803,232	5,356	7,984
1963	831,216	5,351	7,343
1964	860,617	5,491	7,530
1965	901,443	5,321	7,574
1966	876,403	4,969	7,562

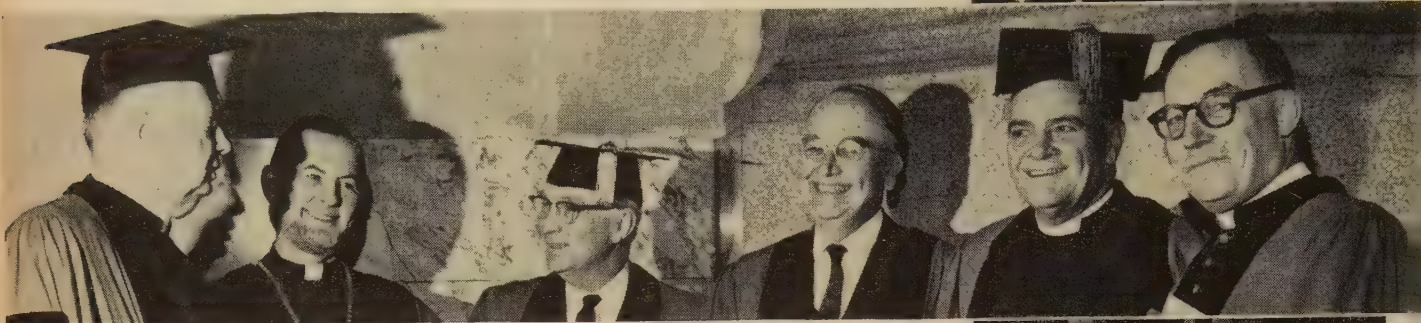
munity and takes classes together with people from other denominations. Their worship will be done by each group in its own style and probably with no "intercommunion," but students will doubtless go to such services to see the differences and the similarities.

The study, of course, is at the graduate level. But something else happened in Berkeley this last No-

AVERAGE YEARLY PER COMMUNICANT GIFT FOR THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION

1962	37¢
1963	38½¢
1964	39½¢
1965	40½¢
1966	32½¢

COMING OUT PARTY: *General Seminary in New York celebrated its 150th birthday in 1967. The Episcopal Church's oldest seminary, founded by action of General Convention in 1817, celebrated with festivities honoring notables from all walks of life. In January, 1967, it conferred degrees on the Hon. Thurgood Marshall, Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York, and Dr. Clifford P. Morehouse, Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, and Col. Jackson A. Dykman. In a convocation this last November 8, at the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, General's new dean, the Very Rev. Samuel J. Wylie, conferred ten honorary degrees on distinguished churchmen with an ecumenical range probably unparalleled in Episcopal*



Church history. Six of the ten so honored are pictured above, from left to right: the Rev. Franklin Clark Fry, President of the Lutheran Church in America; the Rt. Rev. Alexander Schmemmann, Dean of St. Vladimir's Orthodox Theological Seminary; the Rev. Albert C. Outler, Professor at Perkins School of Theology of Southern Methodist University; Douglas Van Steere, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Haverford College, and a member of the Society of Friends; the Rev. Eugene Carson Blake, General Secretary of the World Council of Churches and a United Presbyterian; and the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Charles Moeller, Professor at the University of Louvain and a Roman Catholic adviser at Vatican II. Those honored and not pictured include: the Most Rev. Lakdasa de Mel, Anglican Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon; the Most Rev. John Joseph Wright, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Pittsburgh; and Brother Roger Schutz, Prior and Founder of the Community of Taizé, who received his degree in absentia because of illness. By all the signs, the great old institution in Chelsea Square is preparing some fresh answers.



After Pusey, What?

ember. The Franciscans voted unanimously to move their quarters to the Theological Union. On the same day, the United Presbyterians' Theological Seminary in San Anselmo announced its decision to move the first two years of its undergraduate preparation of ministers to the graduate Union campus in Berkeley. Their first two undergraduate years will be spent in classes with all sorts of people from other denominational backgrounds.

Now hold all that for a minute, and let's take a look at Rochester, New York. On July 1, 1968, Bexley Hall, now in Gambier, Ohio, will move into new quarters at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, an interdenominational seminary founded in Rochester by the American Baptists. Bexley Hall will keep its own dis-

tinctive community housing as Episcopalians, keep its own dean, Almus Thorp, and a full board of Episcopal trustees.

At the same time, Bishop Fulton Sheen has announced that St. Bernard's Seminary, which is now located about five miles from Colgate-Rochester, is making plans to move into the same campus during the next two years. I understand Bishop Sheen has talked with sixteen of his fellow bishops, who send men to St. Bernard's from as far away as Texas, and they are generally favorable. The Colgate-Rochester institution is now in formal affiliation with the University of Rochester. These three seminaries will establish a Center for Theological Studies, with each of the three institutions giving its own B.D. degrees—but doing it by pooling li-

braries, faculties, and classes.

This setup enlarges the curriculum, cuts out its duplications, enriches it, and is cheaper. Not only that, they'll be able to pay their people more money, something more like what the universities are paying.

Bill: Now, wait a minute, Harry, the denomination we belong to has got to be good for something. I mean, our Anglican heritage is a good thing, and I wouldn't want to risk losing any of it.

Harry: Right, I'm with you on that. But I don't think clergy, educated this new way, will lose a thing. In fact, they will probably come out of it a lot richer than they are now. Suppose you had three different denominational scholars teaching the same course in New Testament together. Don't you agree that your

competition in business keeps you on your toes? If you ignore what the boys in the firms competing with yours are discovering, you know it won't be long until you're dead.

Bill: Sure, but what happens to our Episcopal boys, fresh out of college, they are thrown in with Roman Catholics and Unitarians. It sounds pretty risky to me.

Harry: You know, you sound a little like the House of Deputies used to, debating the question of admitting women as deputies. If you are afraid to admit women because the men will quit, what are you saying about men? You've spent enough time around our seminary to know our men and women out there are pretty tough-minded and able. I can imagine that if you threw them together every day in classes with Lutherans, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics, they might get their Anglican ideas honed to sharper clarity by explaining and defending them to guys with other points of view.

I also think most of the clergy could do a lot better job in their parishes if they knew more about what their fellow clergy in other outposts think and believe, and also how valuable our Anglican viewpoint is.

And let's not forget that any Episcopal boy who comes out of seminary still has to face his own diocesan board of Examining Chaplains and his Bishop and their canonical exams before the Bishop will ordain him.

Bill: Well, I admit it sounds great, but it also sounds pretty idealistic to me. I can't see our board getting into anything like this.

Harry: Think again, Bill. If you were a seminarian trying to decide where

you wanted to get our education, wouldn't you look for the best faculty, the richest curriculum, and the most exciting intellectual climate? Also think a little about where you would want to teach if you were a professor looking for stimulating colleagues and money enough to take care of your family adequately.

Bill: Hmmm, I begin to see what you mean. In some ways, our seminary can't afford to stay out of some sort of arrangement of this kind, can it?

Harry: Right. But it's not just a matter of money, or competition either. It comes down to the question of how much you believe in the integrity and commitment of Episcopalians to their own Anglican tradition. If we can believe we are deeply enough committed to Anglican values, then we can risk going into an ecumenical setup of this kind.

I imagine the Roman Catholics have had the same problem. In lots of ways their priests have been much more shielded from other religious groups than we Episcopalians have. Evidently they believe they can take a risk. I think we have to ask ourselves whether we believe in ourselves enough to take the risk, too.

Bill: Well, O.K., but how do we go about it?

Harry: As I understand it, Bill, there are at least seven large-scale studies going on in major cities in the U.S. right now. These studies ask all the seminaries in a given metropolis to join in studying carefully what might be possible if they tried what is already being done in Berkeley and Rochester. The studies are directed by one of the largest management consultant firms in the U.S., the Arthur D. Little Co. The seminaries pay part of the tab, and a large foundation pays the rest of the cost.

The American Association of Theological Schools in Dayton, Ohio, offers advice and assistance to any group of seminaries who wishes to ask the foundation for help.

One of the boys I talked to in California told me that in one city they found eleven seminaries teach-

Continued on page 38

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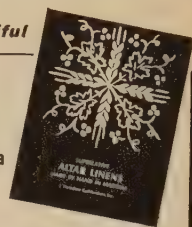
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Remember
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Still the Shattering, Simple Truth

AMONG THE pre-Christmas come-on gimmicks that fill the mail addressed to "Occupant" is one which labels itself, "Exec-U-Gift Selector Order." It's not-so-hidden persuader is the slogan, "Give them the gift *they* want—at a price *you* want to pay," and it sets up a group of gifts ranging from a low price to a much larger price. All you have to do, according to the "come-on," is "address the envelope to the gift recipient, enclose the gift selector, drop it in the mail—and we do the rest."

In a world which in some areas seems bent on destroying Christmas, this is one slick way of doing just that. It is one reflection on the painful fact that Christmas has already suffered a deep destruction.

If we reflect seriously upon it, we will understand that Christmas is in reality the opposite of what is so openly proclaimed in the mail order gimmick.

For one thing, Christmas does not necessarily symbolize a gift that people want. The zealots of the first century were looking for a sure way to defeat Rome's armed might. Rome was looking for increased revenue from taxes to support that might. A host of people, miserable in their want and poverty, were looking for someone who would turn the stone into bread for them. None recognized the Christmas babe as a gift which bore any high degree of promise.

For another thing, Christmas is hardly best symbolized by a gift, the price of which we want to pay. Under this formula, the price is bound to diminish, and the spirit it symbolizes is likewise bound to diminish until only a mean gesture remains.

For yet a third thing, Christmas says there is no easy, effortless way to give, for giving is neither a way of giving or a gift itself. It is the commitment of self out of love for another. Neither size nor price nor method has anything to do with it—only motivation. Bereft of the right motivation, Christmas becomes not the salvation, but the destruction of the world. Christmas continues to minister to the healing of the world on the basis of the shatteringly simple truth, "for God so loved the world that He gave His only Son."

*John E. Hines
Presiding Bishop*



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WORLDSCENE

Dateline: Tomorrow

► Reports of a new papal peace plea, sent secretly to various heads of government, have been confirmed. At the same time, Anglican Archbishop Marcus Lawrence Loane of Australia is urging continued U.S. military action in Vietnam.

► Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, General Secretary of the World Council of Churches, predicts that the WCC's Fourth Assembly, scheduled for Sweden this coming July, will be concerned with four major gaps in society: those between youth and age; the old and the new; rich and poor; men and women.

► Although a scheduled U.N. "great" debate on religious tolerance ended this Fall with a whimper, supporters plan to reintroduce the issue at the next regular session.

Layman to Head Urban Program

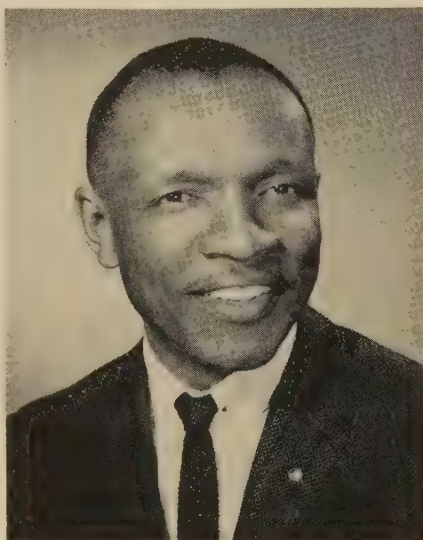
The person who took Presiding Bishop John Hines into Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, to meet the people there (*see November issue*) is the man who will direct the Episcopal Church's program to channel funds to those people.

Mr. Leon E. Modeste, currently Associate Secretary for Community Organization in the Episcopal Church, will be interim Director of the Church's three-million-dollar urban-crisis program to help the poor deal with their problems.

A man of warmth and quiet wit, Mr. Modeste is a native of Bedford-Stuyvesant. He was graduated from the University of Long Island and received a master's degree from Columbia University's School of Social Work.

He was well-qualified to take

Bishop Hines to the right people and places, because he worked in Bedford-Stuyvesant as a community organizer for the Youth Action Program there and is currently a school-board member in the area.



He began his career as a case-worker with Brooklyn Children's Society and later was a probation officer with the New York Adolescent Court.

A member of the New York City Council Against Poverty and board member of an experimental program called Training Resources for Youth (TRY), he is married to the former Daisy Williams. The couple has one daughter and two sons.

Radio-TV: Muscle From the Church

A noted Hollywood scriptwriter told Christian communication experts attending a conference in Montreal that the Church must abandon efforts to reach television audiences through Sunday morning religious

programs and try to penetrate evening "prime time."

But the Church can succeed only if it is willing to become a major active force in the overriding social crisis of our time, said John Block of Los Angeles, a writer for such programs as *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, *Run for Your Life*, *The Invaders*, and *Dr. Kildare*.

Not so, commented Jack Gould, television critic of *The New York Times*. The Sunday morning programs should not be dismissed as a waste, he wrote in his column, but regarded as a stepping stone to the expanded involvement of religion in TV programming.

One way or the other, most Christians agree that the Church must stop playing bit parts and move into a major role in radio and television. For instance, W. H. Ferry, a vice-president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, called the mass media "the sedate vehicle of the middle class" and suggested that "the muscle of the Church" might be used to put more vigor into programming.

Recent examples indicate that religious broadcasting does indeed have a great deal of vigor to offer.

► *Alcoholism: Dread Disease*, an honest fact-filled series of six 24-minute radio spots has brought the Episcopal Church's Radio and Television division much favorable response. In addition to audience approval, the division has received many requests for transcripts of the program which was carried over the Mutual Network on prime evening time and now is being released to individual stations all over the country.

► NBC's *TV Frontiers of Faith* presented the strongly-worded views of Dr. Michael Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, General Secretary of

the World Council of Churches; Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, United Methodist ecumenist; and Archbishop George Hakim of Galilee, Nazareth, and Akka.

CBS's *Look Up and Live* in November offered discussions on the use of atomic energy, creation of life, how to educate for a technological society, and the possibilities and dangers of brain manipulation. Each of the four weekly TV programs was then discussed by thousands of small groups especially organized for this purpose in churches, on college campuses, and in private homes. A viewer-reaction program in this series is scheduled for February 4.

Youth Today: Born Free?

As participants in the Episcopal Church's Seattle General Convention soon learned, today's youth contain a strong mixture of skepticism and idealism.

On one hand, young people at Seattle questioned the wisdom of their elders but on the other, they created a "happening" dedicated to the residing Bishop John E. Hines, during which they carried signs saying "Big John, We Love You."

Dr. John E. Cantelon, director of the School of Religion at the University of Southern California and USC chaplain, analyses this current phenomenon by calling the young persons of today a generation of church dropouts who are neither faithless nor irreligious. "If religion is a matter of man's ultimate concerns and is related to such values as goodness, love, and decency, then today's young people are religious."

This is a prophetic generation, said the Rev. Leonard Clough, general secretary of the University Christian Movement, "which does not hesitate to challenge time-honored ways of doing things or measuring values. Although they seldom use theological language, those who view their thoughts and activities from a biblical perspective can see the spirit of both the Old and New Testaments embodied in these young men and women."

Speaking to the Conference of the National Federation of Roman

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDING BISHOP

It has come to my attention that a new "blue box," named "Christian Thank Offering" and advertised by its sponsors "for those who seek to give to the real Mission of the Church," is being offered by a group of people to any who will use it.

While it is unlikely, it is possible that some in the Church may be confused or misled because of the similarity to the Blue Box of the United Thank Offering of the women of the Church. I write to advise that this new "blue box" is in no way connected with the work of the women of the Church, is not authorized by the Triennial Meeting or the General Division of Women's Work of the Executive Council, and should not be mistaken for the United Thank Offering which is administered through the General Division of Women's Work at the direction of the Triennial Meeting of the women of the Church.

Thank you.

Faithfully yours,
John E. Hines
Presiding Bishop

Catholic College Students, Dr. Daniel Callahan, associate editor of *Commonweal* magazine, stated that affluence partially explained why contemporary students have more freedom than their parents.

He told the delegates that they have strengths of their own which should be exerted within the Church, even if their aims seem

- A vision of "community" not measured in terms of numbers.
- The fact that adults are ready to learn from youth.

Three Retired Bishops Die

Three retired bishops died this Fall. The Rt. Rev. Harold Linwood Bowen, former Bishop of Colorado, died September 11 at his home in La Jolla, Cal. The Rt. Rev. Albert Sidney Thomas, retired Bishop of South Carolina, was in a Columbia, S.C., nursing home at the time of death October 8. The Rt. Rev. Samuel Harrington Littell, retired Bishop of Honolulu, died November 15 at St. Barnabas Hospital in New York City.

Bishop Bowen, who succeeded as Diocesan of Colorado in 1949, was 81. He was a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of the University of Oklahoma, and received his B.D. from Seabury Divinity School and a Doctor of Divinity from Seabury Western. Bishop Bowen's early ministry was in Oklahoma. He served churches in Illinois from 1914 until 1947, when he was elected Bishop Coadjutor of Colorado. He retired in 1955. Bishop Bowen is survived by three sons—Howard, John, and Charles—and two grandchildren.

Bishop Thomas, 94, retired as Bishop of South Carolina in 1943.



to conflict with adult concepts of "the responsibility of youth."

Dr. Callahan listed five specific strengths students have to use:

- An idealism which is set over against adult appeals for patience and realism.
- Skepticism which insists on asking questions.
- Power to reject traditional priorities until the Church meets the terms of youth's ideals.

A native South Carolinian, Bishop Thomas was graduated from The Citadel and General Theological Seminary. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1901 and served churches in South Carolina, where he was also a member of the Standing Committee and a deputy to General Convention. He also edited the diocesan publication before he was consecrated in 1928. Bishop Thomas is survived by two sons, Henry and Albert; a daughter, Mrs. Gerald Scurry, nine grandchildren, and one great grandchild.

Bishop Littell, 95, retired in 1942 after 12 years as the Bishop of the Pacific islands jurisdiction. A native of Delaware, the Bishop was a graduate of General Theological Seminary and served 32 years as a missionary in China. The son of a priest, the Bishop was also the father of one, the Rev. Edward M. Littell. Bishop Littell and his wife, who survives him, had eight children.

The Episcopate: Three Coadjutors

Coadjutor bishops were recently elected in the Dioceses of Minnesota, Western New York, and Pittsburgh.

• Suffragan Bishop **Philip F. McNairy**, 56, of Minnesota, was elected



Coadjutor of that diocese to succeed Bishop Hamilton H. Kellogg on his retirement on or before Aug-

ust 31, 1971. Born in Lake City, Minn., Bishop McNairy attended high school there and went to Kenyon College, Ohio, and Bexley Hall, Ohio, for his B.D. degree. He served churches in Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio, and St. Paul, Minn., before he became Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in Buffalo, N.Y., in 1950. Eight years later he was elected to be Suffragan Bishop of Minnesota. Married in 1935, he and his wife have three children. A past member of the Advisory Committee of the U.S. Dept. of Interior, Indian Affairs, he is author of a book, *Family Story*, published by Seabury Press in 1960.

• The Very Rev. **Harold B. Robinson**, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral,

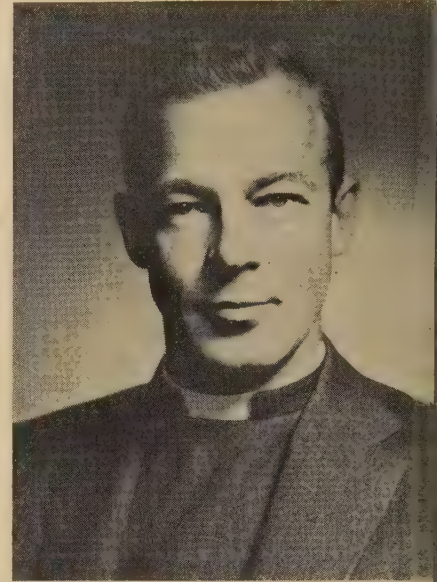


Buffalo, N.Y., was elected to be Bishop Coadjutor of Western New York. His January consecration will be held in St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Buffalo. He will first assist, then succeed, Bishop Lauriston L. Scaife who will retire Oct. 17, 1972. Bishop-elect Robinson has been Dean of the Buffalo Episcopal Cathedral since 1962. He was rector of St. Paul's Church, San Diego, for 15 years and curate of that parish for a year after his graduation from General Theological Seminary in 1946. Born in England, he grew up in Los Angeles, Cal., and attended schools there before deciding to enter the priesthood. He and his wife have four daughters.

• The Rev. Canon **Robert B. Ap-**

pleyard, rector of Bethesda-by-the-Sea, Palm Beach, Fla., was elected to be Bishop Coadjutor of Pittsburgh. He will succeed Bishop Austin Pardue who will retire August 31, 1968.

Bishop-elect Appleyard was graduated from Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., and Union Theologi-



cal Seminary, New York City. After service as a U.S. Navy chaplain during World War II, he held several posts in New York and Connecticut. He became rector of Christ Church, Watertown, Conn., in 1948. From 1952 until 1966 he was rector of Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn., and has been a trustee of Seabury House there. He has served as deputy to General Convention four times and was chairman of Convention's State of the Church committee. He and his wife have four children.

Barks at Jews?

An advertisement under "Dogs, Birds, Pets" in the classified advertising section of the Catholic *Bulletin*, St. Paul-Minneapolis archdiocesan paper, announces: "Black Standard poodle wants Catholic home. Mistress entering convent. \$15. Spayed. Housebroken. Happy personality, playful, good friend."

Continued on page 3

WE VISIT SARGENT SHRIVER

THE PUBLIC RELATIONS assistant was biting her fingernails between murmurs of what a bad day it had been. An aide told us morale was low because he had to tell secretaries they must work on Saturday without reassurance of being paid. The House was stalling the CEO budget for a later slashing. Sargent Shriver was anxious to get on with the business at hand. A twisted paper clip bore the brunt of his nervous energy as he sat down at the mike.

The Rev. Robert Libby of the Episcopal Church's Division of Radio and Television was interviewing the Office of Economic Opportunity head for the program, a viewpoint.

Mr. Libby mentioned that he wanted to identify where the interview was taking place. With a quick characteristic grin, Shriver suggested, "Why not say 'As we sit here in Washington looking out at the Potomac?'"

When the audio man gave the signal to begin, Shriver's serious denunciation of the poverty program belied his statement that he would quit if the program's budget were slashed. It was hard to believe a man this enthusiastic about a job he called "all of meaning" would quit under any circumstances.

During the interview he told how "cultural imperialism" deprives minority groups of their heritage. He pointed out that in 1964 not many people would admit there was poverty in this country, and he mentioned some of the failures of his program. "When we started educational centers for young Job Corps people, we knew it ought to be done, but we didn't have enough discipline. Our program wasn't exhausting enough, to tell the truth. Companies like General Electric or IBM were not accustomed to running a program from six o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night. But



when you are dealing with teenagers, you have got to have something going on all the time. So the youngsters didn't rebel against the Job Corps, they really rebelled at our program weaknesses."

He spoke of cooperation. Secular agencies, such as government, must establish "an equal justice under law," he said, and government is the only agency with the ability to maintain the necessary momentum to do it. "But without a religious motivation, there really is no reason to overcome poverty," he said, explaining that the U.S. was the only major culture ever to undertake this task.

Churches are involved, he said, at almost every level of the poverty program—from Headstart operations on Indian reservations through city community organization to migrant programs on the West Coast.

He said he thought churches had to get out into the streets, into the lives of people. He was "enthusiastic" about the ways they were doing this. But he said poverty involved more than not having the money for the necessities of life. People in his own Roman Catholic Church, for

example, take vows of poverty, "but they are not poor in a sense, because they are living in great security."

He quoted Biblical passages to explain his position. "You can't affect somebody's life unless you are sort of smack up against them. Our Lord was a man who was associated with the poor. It was charged that he hung around with prostitutes and thieves and robbers. He was a fellow who was approachable. He said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Well, there are an awful lot of people who are not much interested in having little children come unto them."

Shriver himself is a man who is approachable. When asked before the interview if there were any sensitive areas he would like to avoid, he shrugged and said, "Ask what your people want to know." His candor has caused him to be crucified more than once.

He said that Christian action was part of a broader picture. "One of the biggest things we need to do . . . is develop a greater sense of community"—community in the sense of bringing everyone together around a common interest.

"The danger in our country is that we are separating people out. The suburbs against the city. The whites against the blacks. The rich against the poor. So that instead of segregationists, you might say we have a whole host of separationists. They want to be separate, away from other people."

He said that churchmen, "including myself," have much to do. When you're poor, he said, there is not only the danger of not having money, but also the insecurity.

"There is the danger of living with nothing, nothing between you and God. After all, the Gospel says that you shouldn't worry about what you are going to wear, what you are going to eat. God does all that

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WORLDSCENE

Continued from page 31

for flowers, and He will do more for you. But many of us, myself included, are worried about what we are going to wear . . . whether the Church is . . . properly heated . . . whether the parishioners are going to like the new pews, or whether there's a cushion on the kneeler. And

White, Green, Black

Donald L. Benedict, executive director of the Community Renewal Society, Chicago, says the success of inner-city programs will require both ghetto dwellers and white outer-city residents to assume the "risks of trust."

"This trust will depend to a great extent on how much white power will take green power and lay it down on black power," he said.

that kind of stuff. I think that's out of date."

The taping and interview finished. Shriver said he hoped he'd given enough information to make the trip worthwhile. It was 5:15 p.m., but the beleaguered OEO head looked like he had many things to do before his working day would end.

—JUDY MATHIAS

Church at Large: Nailed or Mailed?

Martin Luther probably never nailed his 95 theses to a Wittenberg church door, claims Dr. William Pauck, church history professor at Vanderbilt University, but instead did the 16th century equivalent of dropping them in the mail.

But regardless of how Luther started things, the Christian leaders who gathered on the spot where the Lutheran Reformation began 450 years ago agreed they were celebrating not the schism between Protestants and Roman Catholics but a spirit of renewal, with the hope of bringing that spirit to bear on all the Churches of the world.

Other news of special interest to Christians this past month included reports from:

Capetown—A \$10 million in

vestment portfolio of marketable securities will be withdrawn by the Methodist Board of Missions from the First National Bank of New York if the bank renews its participation in a \$40 million revolving credit arrangement with the Government of South Africa.

Mate Grosso—Tereno Indians living in this Brazilian state are soon to have their first written language. The Rev. Thomas Egan, a Roman Catholic missionary, is compiling a grammar in their tongue.

London—Major proposals for restructuring the World Council of Churches were published in *New Christian*, a British bi-weekly interdenominational journal. Written by U.S. urban specialist Stephen C. Rose, a former WCC staff member, the article said, "We have invested the WCC with great ecumenical significance but with virtually no power to act as an ecumenical catalyst."

Damaraland—Bishop Robert H. Hize, a Kansas Episcopalian who heads this Anglican diocese in southwestern Africa, has issued a plea for volunteers to replace outgoing missionaries forced to leave by a new governmental ruling which limits all visas to a one-year period.

Gran Chaco—A drastic shakeup of Anglican missionary work in this remote region of Paraguay and Argentina as well as in Chile sometime in the near future was forecast by Canon Henry Sutton, who recently returned to England after a seven-week tour of the mission field. "Radical changes in patterns of ministry, in diocesan structures, and in the size of dioceses will, in my opinion, be quite essential if we are to make any headway," said Canon Sutton, who heads the 108 missionaries working in the area.

Ceylon—The Anglican Church of India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon has given a gift of \$900 to Miss Roberta Martin, daughter of the Rev. Sidney U. Martin, an American Indian priest in charge of the Episcopal Santee Mission in Niobrara, Neb., for her training as a medical technician.

over Test

Osame Nishizaka, a contemporary Japanese artist, painted this luminous interpretation of "The Flight" in 1963.

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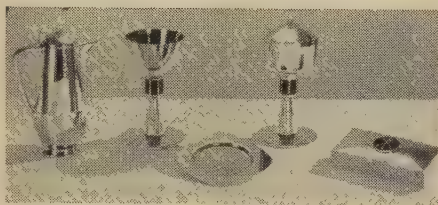
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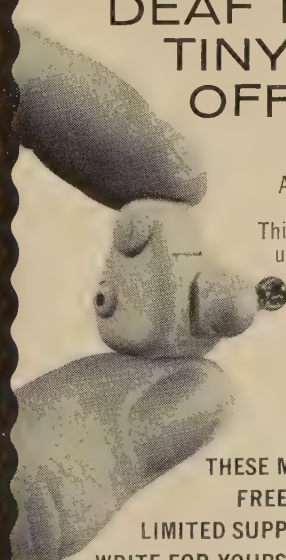
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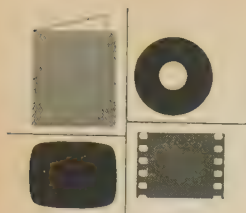
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Walter Wagoner, a learned and nimble-witted man who can smile at himself as well as at some of the pompous doings of his religious contemporaries, has put together a book which will shock some, amuse others, and instruct not a few. I find BITTERSWEET GRACE, A TREASURY OF TWENTIETH CENTURY RELIGIOUS SATIRE (World, \$4.95), a tonic and a joy.

Dorothy Sayers once listed the seven deadly Christian virtues as: Respectability, Childishness, Mental Timidity, Dullness, Sentimentality, Censoriousness, and Depression of Spirit. H. L. Mencken defines puritanism as "the awful knowledge that someone, somewhere, is having a good time." G. K. Chesterton said, "Sentiment is jam on your bread; sentimentalism is jam on your face." This sort of thing is the editor's target. He hits it every time.

Bishop Gerald F. Kennedy says in the Foreword that real religion is not shocked by satire but rather welcomes it, that satire is not possible without some knowledge of the real thing. The rightful objects of religious satire

Bittersweet Grace

A TREASURY OF
TWENTIETH-
CENTURY
RELIGIOUS
SATIRE
WALTER D.
WAGONER,
EDITOR



are the shams and hypocrisies which pretend to be the genuine article.

Wagoner, in his Introduction, describes satire as "humor sent on an errand," the satirist as an "irritated missionary." The substance of his Introduction explains the nature and uses of religious satire. Some of the targets in the past—the Victorian Church of England, for instance—could hardly be missed even with a random shot.

The task in contemporary America is different, Wagoner explains, since most of the religious satirists are not church members as were Trollope and Thackeray. American Christianity has had no religious Establishment, and the American Christian and Jew has so homogenized his culture and his faith that "a satirical attack on some scandal of faith may be construed as an affront to patriotic loyalty." This makes the task of the American religious satirist both more difficult and more easily misunderstood. Genuine satire always purifies, reveals the truth, ministers sanity.

The book is divided into five sections: The Clergy, God and the National Pantheon, The Church Camouflaged, A Laugh at the Laity, Scat-

tered Shots. Catholics, Protestants and Jews are lambasted impartially, mostly by way of quoted material from books, poems, and articles published in this century—thirty-five selections in all, from Sinclair Lewis to Robert Nathan.

Editor Wagoner has read widely (a useful bibliography is included) and selected skilfully. This volume is scholarly without pretention, funny without malice. One thinks of the famous epitaph written for W. S. Gilbert: "His foe was folly and his weapon wit."

—ROBERT N. RODENMAYER

Centuries Against Hours

"Alas for those who never lived but died with all their music in them." That old epitaph summarizes both the spirit and substance of this altogether lovely book, *HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON* by Robert Rodenmayer (Seabury, \$3.95). For those who know the author, let it be said that book and man are of one piece.

Here are fourteen chapters: essays, ruminations, and reminiscences. Each one is to the point: sorrow, joy, divorce, pain, unwanted pregnancy, old age, loneliness, love beneath it all. Some there are who would have written a heavy, maudlin, or overblown throbbing tome about "God and the Problem of Pain." But here, praised by Rodenmayer, are "those matters close to the heart of life" written at the middle-level: not solemn, no preachy, but with all the wit, compassion, and direct, understandable lingo of the type of pastor we all would like either to have or to be. The excellent good humor of a born storyteller is magically conjoined with what is best termed "sensitive awareness" to the beauty and glory of the poignancy and the grief of our



Dr. Robert N. Rodenmayer is executive secretary of the Episcopal Church's Division of Christian Ministries.

common pilgrimage.

In one essay, for instance, there is a starkly honest vignette of what people really think and how they act in middle age. In another the reader feels what it is to be alone on the verge of a major operation. Give this book to a friend and you have done a favor. You have not hit him over the head with life's realities; you have, rather, helped him to perspective and wisdom, to good spirits, and put the centuries over against the hours.

Rodenmayer, he it said, has just the right touch. He tells of the famous

Oxonian priest-scholar, Ronald Knox, who on his deathbed was asked by a friend if he would like to listen to the New Testament, Knox translation. "No," said Knox; and then after a long pause in which he seemed to have lapsed again into unconsciousness, there came from the bed, just audible, in the idiom of his youth: "Awfully jolly of you to suggest it, though." These were his last words.

I have been helped, greatly, by *How Many Miles to Babylon*. I am going to buy half a dozen for Christmas presents.

—WALTER D. WAGONER

PBL

TV's new look

SOMEWHERE our priorities got mixed up; we are an industrial-oriented culture and it's time we got people-oriented." This remark by Edward P. Morgan was a part of the concluding summary of the second nationwide experimental Public Broadcast Laboratory.

Funded by the Ford Foundation for \$10,000,000, PBL is a two-year television experiment. The semi-autonomous production unit, headed by 38-year-old Av Westin, holds a mandate for bold and courageous grappling with the issues of our time. Created by 90 of the 131 National Educational Television affiliates, PBL originates on Sundays, live, in the New York studios of NBC.

It is almost prophetic that two days after PBL had made its somewhat clumsy debut, President Johnson signed into law the Corporation for Public Television. This venture is a non-profit, cultural, educational and public affairs operation, designed to be relatively free of the profit motive and commissioned to carry

out essentially what Ford has launched in the Public Broadcast Laboratory.

The architects of PBL, NET and the new Corporation possess essentially the same drives. Their concern is passionate: objective, creative depth in the broadcasting sector of the public domain. These developments have served to bring the early concepts of Educational Television over the hump into the center of the medium and into the center of the livingrooms of discerning American homes. PBL is the leading wedge of the whole concept of Public Television.

"Confrontation" is the word for the Public Broadcast Lab. Without the necessity for commercial interruption, the semantic heat generated by violent disagreement can be felt throughout the entire nation simultaneously. I shall not soon forget PBL's first try on the issue of Black Power. Politeness was not rewarded, and the moderator felt no obligation to mediate between sides.

The second night, PBL's Edward Morgan involved a group of Washington Congressmen in extremely open, sometimes shouting, disagreement on the issue of Vietnam. For almost an hour, NET cameras relentlessly reported every move, expression, and statement of these representatives. It was immediately apparent who was conscious of his television "image" and who was hedging. "It's better to keep things ambiguous," commented one law-

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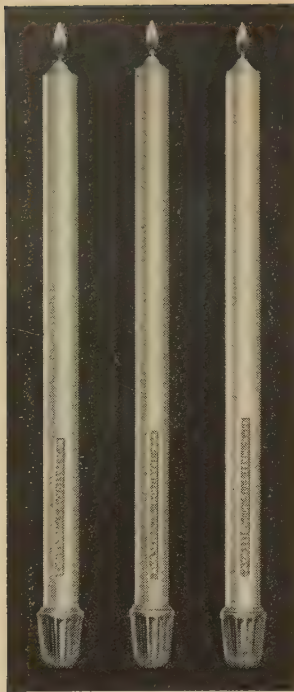
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PBL: TV's NEW LOOK

maker; "I don't want to face that issue . . . some of us are realistic politicians."

One might well ask if the old rules of politics work here. And if, in fact, the dodging of the issue in this way before the American public makes one a "realistic politician." PBL is experimenting. We will know the answer only if and when their commercial counterparts view such hard-hitting sessions as sufficiently "in the public interest."

The effect of this type of courageous programming was immediate: The Cronkite newscast next evening contained the first innovation of this type I have ever witnessed on commercial television—legislators in Washington haggling over the appropriations for the poverty program. Instead of nicely polished interviews, CBS turned its cameras on the meeting and let us form our own opinion of the fate of our program in the hands of the committee. PBL has introduced a new concept into television. The impact is simply here for keeps.

Mr. Morgan is PBL's chief correspondent. He serves on a two-year leave of absence from ABC. In his leave-taking from ABC June 23, he commented thusly:

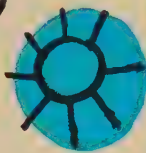
"I am deeply concerned about the conditions, the moods, the attitudes now rampant in this, my native land. . . . Instead of trying honestly to solve our own problems, we are organizing hate groups to blame the other fellow, or fleeing to the beaches of frantic leisure only to be sunburned by the guilt of our wanton negligence. . . . The nation's situation is not hopeless. It simply begs for sustained, responsible action . . . the press has been too busy neutering the news to make comfortable non-controversial space for the full page ad and the singing commercial."

PBL and the new Corporation for Public Television have at last pledged to us a viable alternative. Perhaps the thoughtful churchman might absorb the philosophy behind these pledges.

—JON PAUL DAVIDSON

Meditating on McLuhanism

WORD OF THE



BOOB TUBE

MARSHALL MCLUHAN, the recently discovered prophet and high priest of the electronic media, came to our meeting in Toronto—a gathering of some sixty denominational and council of churches radio and television broadcasters. We were quite excited.

We sat at his feet both figurative and literally, as he expanded and bounded on the thesis that the medium is the message as well as message.

According to McLuhan, television especially color television—creates total environment and a total involvement which defies logic and order. Past, present, and future are destroyed. There is an all-at-once-ness about life.

It is no accident that the "NOW" generation is the product of the electronic-television age. They want to be part of the show and not the show-off. They want religious experience and not religious arguments. Thus the attraction of LSD. They want a life in life and not just a job. Thus the popularity of the Peace Corps.

Pressed for the religious and/or social implication of the electronic media, Dr. McLuhan said that partitions between men will not hold up against the onslaught of instantaneous communications. Thus the boob-tube may succeed where the pulpit has failed. How embarrassing—but how wonderful are Thy ways, O Lord!

McLuhan contends that the advent of electronic communication represents a radical shift not only in media, but in man's total environ-

ment and thinking process. We are moving from the lineal, orderly, and logical approach to life to a new style of living and thinking which is yet undefined.

One of the brothers got so excited sitting at the prophet's feet that he was ready to move that all non-electronic media be abolished. This led other brethren to reflect on the fact that changes in media bring about changes in religion. Look what happened with the printing press—1517, Martin Luther, John Calvin, and all that.

Interestingly enough, the religious upheaval which we call the Reformation underscores Dr. McLuhan's basic premise that the medium is the message and/or message.

The Reformation was all about the medium—the word—the printed word—the lineal message. In Scotland the radical reformers smashed the stained glass windows as well as the statues of the saints (the old medium of communication).

The pulpit, the symbol of the new media, replaced the altar, the symbol of the old.

Roman Catholic Christianity went to "hear" mass said. Most of the "reformed" Christian communities went to "hear" the Word preached. Each claimed to have grasped the essence of early Christianity. Both missed the mark—and a great gulf was fixed.

And now we are in the midst of a

new reformation. Or is it a revolution?

McLuhan says that some of the positive aspects of the media shift are to be seen in the ecumenical movement and the liturgical renewal of the Church. Barriers are breaking down and more people are involved.

McLuhan left before I could ask my question: "Is worship a media in its own right?"

I would hope that he would answer yes and that he would add that worship, like color television, should be a total environment producing total involvement and total experience of man, God, and neighbor in the total community.

Christian worship is not a spectator sport. Neither the Protestant reformers nor the Roman Catholic defenders of the Faith ever got back to the real essence of early Christian worship. Everyone must be in the game. Our Lord never asked for only one of our senses. Worship means more than "hearing" a sermon or "hearing" mass.

At the very least, to worship as a Christian means to commit ourselves to total involvement in His life and the lives of His children. Otherwise worship is, at best, grade B entertainment.

If McLuhan is right, then Christian worship is in for a renaissance.

And if the medium really is the message, then perhaps we had better take another look at the Incarnation—God becoming man in Christ.

Did God out-McLuhan McLuhan? So why not? ◀

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AFTER PUSEY, WHAT?

Continued from page 25

ing 850 students in over 600 courses. When they compared the courses and kept every special denominational emphasis they could find, and eliminated the duplicates, they found they could teach the same material in 133 courses.

Bill: But this research takes some money, and I frankly don't see how we can ask the people in the pew on Theological Education Sunday next January 28 to dig down for more money to help us consider some kind of ecumenical relationship.

Harry: Well, I think we can. What we're talking about is the possibility of moving our seminary into a space next door to several other denominational seminaries. We're not going out of business by doing this. We are still an Episcopal seminary. But there are a lot of things we can do together with other seminaries. Out of this we get a richer curriculum for less money, and we put our people in a challenging atmosphere where ideas are compared and compete.

In the past, we've had to go on to people on Theological Education Sunday and ask them to help us to win a losing battle. All educational costs are doubling every decade. The Pusey report shows us that in three years the Episcopal seminaries will be facing a \$3 million annual deficit if we continue to do things the way we do them now.

I'm ready to go to the board of trustees meeting next week and propose that we ask our fellow Episcopalians to give to the Theological Education Sunday offering as they have never done before. We can now do something creative, positive, and financially sound about educating a really well-equipped group of men for a ministry for tomorrow. This is not going to be another treading water offering if I can help it. It can be an act of faith in what I believe about our Anglican heritage. I believe such an act of faith is a risk we can't afford to miss.

Have and Have Not

This column is designed to bring together those who need certain church supplies and those who have a surplus. Please observe these simple rules: 1) Write directly to the parish, mission, or individual making the request; 2) Do not ship any material to The Episcopalian.

Andrew's Mission, Steven Village, Alaska, would like to obtain a new or used chalice, paten, and altar book. If you know where any of the items may be obtained for the mission, please write to the Rev. Richard A. Treadwell, Matthew's Mission, Beaver, Alaska 99574.

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If your parish or mission wishes to list church supply needs or surplus, please write: *Have and Have Not* Editor, THE EPISCOPALIAN, 1930 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

BEFORE PROCEEDING WITH THE WEDDING, I'D LIKE TO MAKE A BRIEF STATEMENT ON VIET NAM



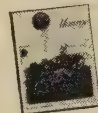
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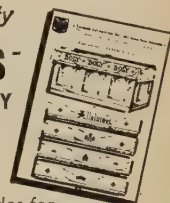
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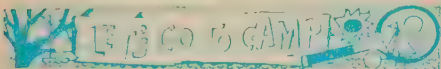
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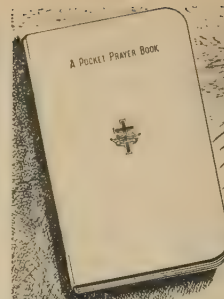
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- 1 CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST
(HOLY NAME OF OUR LORD)
- 6 THE EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST
- 7 FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPH-
ANY
- 10 (William Laud, Archbishop
of Canterbury, 1645)
- 14 SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPH-
ANY
- 15 (Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers,
367)
- 17 (Antony, Abbot in Egypt,
356)
- 18-25 Week of Prayer for Christian
Unity
- 19 (Wulfstan, Bishop of Worces-
ter, 1095)
- 20 (Fabian, Bishop of Rome,
and Martyr, 250)
- 21 THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPH-
ANY
- 21 (Agnes, Martyr at Rome,
304)
- 21-28 Church and Economic Life
Week
- 22 (Vincent, Deacon of Sara-
gossa, and Martyr, 304)
- 23 (Phillips Brooks, Bishop of
Massachusetts, 1893)
- 24 (ST. TIMOTHY)
- 25 THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL
THE APOSTLE
- 26 (Polycarp, Bishop of Smyr-
na, and Martyr, 156)
- 27 (John Chrysostom, Bishop
of Constantinople, 407)
- 28 FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER
EPIPHANY
- 28 Theological Education Sun-
day

To acquaint our readers with the Lesser Holy Days authorized by General Convention for trial use, we are listing (in parentheses) the supplementary observances. If the name appears in italics, a special Epistle and Gospel have been authorized, as well as a Collect. The texts for these enrichments of the Calendar are published as *Lesser Feasts and Fasts* by The Church Pension Fund, 800 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

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Why on Earth ?

IT'S THE dark of night. It's the dead of winter.

Over the altar there's a blank night-shadowed window that in daylight is full of rich colors. Outside, the ground is frozen iron-hard, and the sky is like ice overhead.

And here we are, gathered in the church, looking up at that dead window, and singing our hearts out in rejoicing.

Why? Why on earth?

Because this is when the Christ came, and comes—in the dark of night, in the dead of winter. He came, and comes, to those who sit in darkness, and that is exactly where we are. Wars—riots—LSD and STP—octopus highways and creeping junkyards—air pollution—erosion—the population explosion. And what is worse, inside ourselves we can find and feel the same cold heart and feverish imagination, the same fear and cruelty and callousness, that have caused all these dangers and sorrows. Most of the time we live in a state of half-concealed panic over our world, inner and outer.

But Christmas reminds us that the Christ comes now, here, in the middle of all this. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness cannot put it out.

He is the dayspring from on high; He comes from the Source. He stands there to tell us what we cannot know and could not believe without His Word—that we are all prodigals who can turn around and go home where the Father waits, and the feast is ready.

We are turned in the wrong direction because our desires are centered in the wrong places; in security, not life; in getting, not giving; in seeming, not being. "Repent, repent, and from old errors turn," He cries out to us. He comes into our darkness to save His people from their sins.

He saves us by being the Light. In His Light we can see, and the path we are following shows its turns and windings. What we thought solid ground (riches, success, power, self-protection) looks like a treacherous bog beside the integrity and strength that He represents. The thoughts of many hearts are revealed in the Light of what He does and says.

We can no longer delude ourselves that we are different from or better than the rest of humanity. We're all in this frozen world together; and what makes it so icy is (as He reminds us) the hardness of our hearts.

But He comes. He comes to this frozen world and tells us about the Kingdom, which His parables and images define as the time and place and state in which the ice melts and Spring comes. The sun shines, rain falls, birds find food, and the lilies come into gorgeous bloom. A tiny seed grows to a great bush, and birds nest in its branches. He sums up; "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke 12:32 RSV)

He is telling us that our hearts can bring forth justice and peace as naturally and beautifully as Spring unfolds. He is promising us that no man will have to be anxious over his own security and food and clothing, because others will be caring for him as he is caring for them. We can see its beginnings among ourselves even now in crises, disasters, and emergencies, when we amaze ourselves by the kind of goodwill that springs up from somewhere inside us like a crocus in March.

But Jesus promises us the mighty fulfillment, the new aeon, when man will come to the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ.

It's a promise. It's also a fact. "The hour is coming, and now is." (John 4:23 RSV) It is dark, it is cold, we are afraid; and yet

What if this moment holds the other too—

Thin winter shell that summer must break through? ◀

Prairie Holiday

**Laura and her family were
waiting for the train on Christmas day.
But then the clouds crept up.**



Laura is a pioneer child in a series of books which take her and her family from a log house in the Wisconsin woods to Indian territory in Oklahoma and then northwards to Silver Lake in the Dakotas. Here they are in a prairie frontier town swept by blizzards and so deeply snowed in that the supply trains from the East have not been able to get through. They are almost out of food and fuel, and it is Christmas Day.

The small striped packages at each place held Christmas candy.

"Wherever did you get candy, Pa?" Laura wondered.

"I got it some time ago. It was the last bit of sugar in town," said Pa. "Some folks said they'd use it for sugar, but I made sure of our Christmas candy."

"Oh, what a lovely Christmas," Carrie sighed. Laura thought so too. Whatever happened, they could always have a merry Christmas. And the sun was shining, the sky was blue, the railroad tracks were clear, and the train was coming. The train had come through the Tracy cut that morning. Some-

time that day they would hear its whistle and see it stopping by the depot.

At noon Ma was making the oyster soup. Laura was setting the table, Carrie and Grace were playing with the jumping-jack. Ma tasted the soup and set the kettle back on the stove. "The oysters are ready," she said, and stooping she looked at the slices of bread toasting in the oven. "And the bread is toasted. Whatever is Pa doing?"

"He's bringing in hay," said Laura.

Pa opened the door. Behind him the lean-to was almost full of slough hay. He asked, "Is the oyster soup ready?"

"I'm taking it up," Ma replied. "I'm glad the train is coming, this is the last of the coal." Then she looked at Pa and asked, "What is wrong, Charles?"

Pa said slowly. "There is a cloud in the northwest."

"Oh, not another blizzard!" Ma cried.

"I'm afraid so," Pa answered. "But it needn't spoil our dinner." He drew his chair up to the table. "I've packed plenty of hay into the stable and filled the lean-to. Now for our oyster soup!"

The sun kept on shining while they ate. The hot soup was good, even though the milk was mostly water. Pa crumbled the toast into the soup plate. "This toasted bread is every bit as good as crackers," he told Ma. "I don't know how but better."

Laura enjoyed the good soup, but she could not stop thinking of that dark cloud hanging up. She could not stop listening for the wind that she knew would soon come.

It came with a shriek. The windows rattled and the house shook.

"She must be a daisy!" Pa said. He went to the window but he could not see out. Snow came on the wind from the sky. Snow rose from the hard drifts as the wind cut them away. It all met in the whirling air and whirled madly. The sky, the sunshine, the snow, were gone, lost in that blinding dance of snow. The house was alone again.

Laura thought, "The train can't come now."

"Come, girls," Ma said. "We'll get these chairs out of the way, and then we'll open the papers and have a cosy afternoon."

"Is there coal enough, Ma?" Laura asked. Pa looked at the fire. "It will last till supper-time," he said. "And then we'll burn the rest."

Frost was freezing up the windowpanes and the room was cold near the walls. Near the stove, the light was too dim for reading. When the dishes were washed and put away, Ma set the lamp on the red-checked tablecloth and lighted it. There was only a little kerosene in the bowl where the wick coiled, but it gave a warm and cheery light. Laura opened the bundle of *Youth's Companions* and she and Carrie looked eagerly at the wealth of stories printed on the smooth, white paper.

"You girls choose a story," Ma said, "and I will read it out loud, so we can all enjoy it together."

So, close together between the stove and the bright table, they listened to Ma's reading the story in her soft, clear voice. The story took them all far away from the stormy

cold and dark. When she had finished that one, Ma read a second and a third. That was enough for one day; they must save some for another time.

"Aren't you glad we saved those wonderful stories for Christmas day?" Mary sighed happily. And they were. The whole afternoon had gone so quickly. Already it was chore time.

When Pa came back from the stable, he stayed some time in the lean-to and came in at last with his arms full of sticks.

"Here is your breakfast fuel, Caroline," he said, laying his armful down by the stove. "Good hard sticks of hay. I guess they will burn all right."

"Sticks of hay?" Laura exclaimed.

"That's right, Laura." Pa spread his hands in the warmth above the stove. "I'm glad that hay's in the lean-to. I couldn't carry it in through the wind that's blowing now, unless I brought it one blade at a time, in my teeth."

The hay *was* in sticks. Pa had somehow twisted and knotted it tightly till each stick was almost as hard as wood.

"Sticks of hay!" Ma laughed. "What won't you think of next? Trust you, Charles, to find a way."

"You are good at that yourself," Pa smiled at her.

For supper there were hot boiled potatoes and a slice of bread apiece, with salt. That was the last baking of bread, but there were still beans in the sack and a few turnips. There was still hot tea with sugar, and Grace had her cup of cambric tea made with hot water because there was no more milk. While they were eating, the lamp began to flicker. With all its might the flame pulled itself up, drawing the last drops of kerosene up the wick. Then it fainted down and desperately tried again. Ma leaned over and blew it out. The dark came in, loud with the roar and the shrieking of the storm.

"The fire is dying, anyway, so we may as well go to bed," Ma said gently. Christmas Day was over.

KNOW YOUR DIOCESE

California's Episcopal churches organized themselves in 1850 and later separated into four jurisdictions: Northern California, Los Angeles, San Joaquin, and California. The Diocese of California, comprising the ten counties in the San Francisco Bay area, has 127 parishes and missions with some 200 clergymen and 190 lay readers serving 86,383 baptized persons (53,553 communicants).

The diocese is busy today reorganizing and realigning its programs and structure. The 1967 diocesan convention created a Committee on Renewal and Restructure to develop more efficient means of carrying on the diocese's work. Convention also reduced appropriations to end the practice of deficit financing.

As a first step, the diocese's headquarters staff will merge with the staff of Grace Cathedral. Under supervision of the Rt. Rev. C. Kilmer Myers, Bishop of California, the combined staffs will function as four operating divisions: worship, Christian nurture and education, theological dialogue, and ministry and service. The Rt. Rev. Richard Millard, Suffragan Bishop, will share episcopal duties, direct diocesan program work, and have charge of the diocese's more than fifty missions.

New guidelines for financial support of the diocese from congregations have been drawn for 1968. A new canon requires a stewardship education campaign within each congregation prior to the Every Member Canvass.

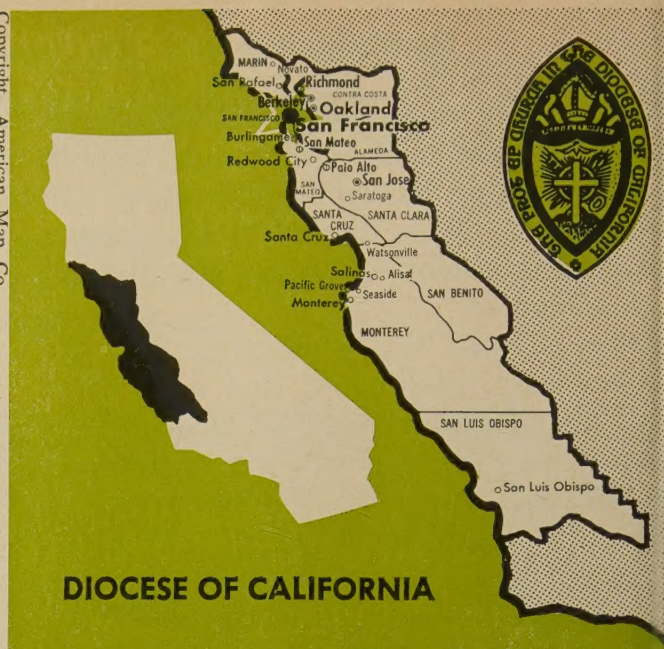
Proceeds from a special diocesan-wide appeal, "The Bishop Myers Gift Fund," will be applied to the reduction or elimination of the accumulated deficit. Contributions are to be an expression of thanksgiving for the new diocesan and as personal sacrificial giving toward easing the fiscal pressures which have curtailed programs and personnel.

The Canon Chancellor's office of Grace Cathedral, established in 1967, is commissioned to create an enlarged program of adult theological education in cooperation with other churches in San Francisco's Bay Area. The Chancellor's office will attempt to help people become aware of, and participate in, all segments of society and to provide a humanizing effort within the metropolitan complex.

Bishop Myers and the Diocesan Council, by letter and personal appearance, have made the California legislature aware of the Church's concern in areas such as state care and treatment of mental illness and alcoholism, capital punishment, and restrictive statutes governing therapeutic abortion.

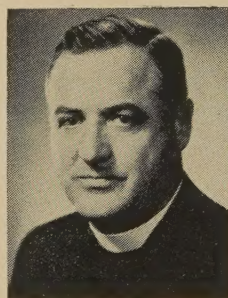
The Children's Division of the diocese's Department of Education has allocated the 1967 Birthday Thank Offering to the community-wide program to provide pre-school child care centers in the Bayview-Hunter's Point area. San Francisco's Housing Authority donated six vacated wartime housing projects for use by the centers where medical and

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dental services, parent education, and youth and parent counselling will be offered to area families.

The seventh annual Midworth Conference at Asilomar Pacific Grove, is typical of the diocese's effort to help churchmen to grow in a time of rapid change. With the theme: "The Human Revolution: Myself and My Relationships in Transition," conference members discussed new techniques, and possibilities of maintaining their own moral integrity and valid relationships in the midst of cultural changes, shifts in moral values, and the pressures of modern society.



The Rt. Rev. C. Kilmer Myers, Bishop of California, was born February 14, 1916, in Schuylerville, New York, the son of Harry and Addie Myers. He was graduated from Rutgers University and received S.T.B. and S.T.D. degrees from Berkeley Divinity School. He also attended Yale Graduate School and Union Theological Seminary. Following ordination to the priesthood in 1941,

he was a resident-fellow at Berkeley; rector of St. Mark's Church, Buffalo, New York; and chaplain in the United States Naval Reserve.

He taught at General Seminary for six years and served for three years in an integrated team ministry in Jersey City, New Jersey. For eleven years he was vicar of the Trinity Parish missions on New York's Lower East Side. In 1963 he went to Chicago to become director of the interdenominational Urban Training Center for Christian Mission.

In September, 1964, he was elected to become the second Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese of Michigan and consecrated to that office on January 1, 1965. In 1966 he was elected to become Bishop of California and was installed on January 14, 1967.

Bishop Myers has written several books on liturgics, one on his experiences as a priest in the inner city. His former Katie Lea Stewart and Bishop Myers were married in 1958. They have three adopted children, sons Jonathan and Albert, and daughter Laura.